THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA.

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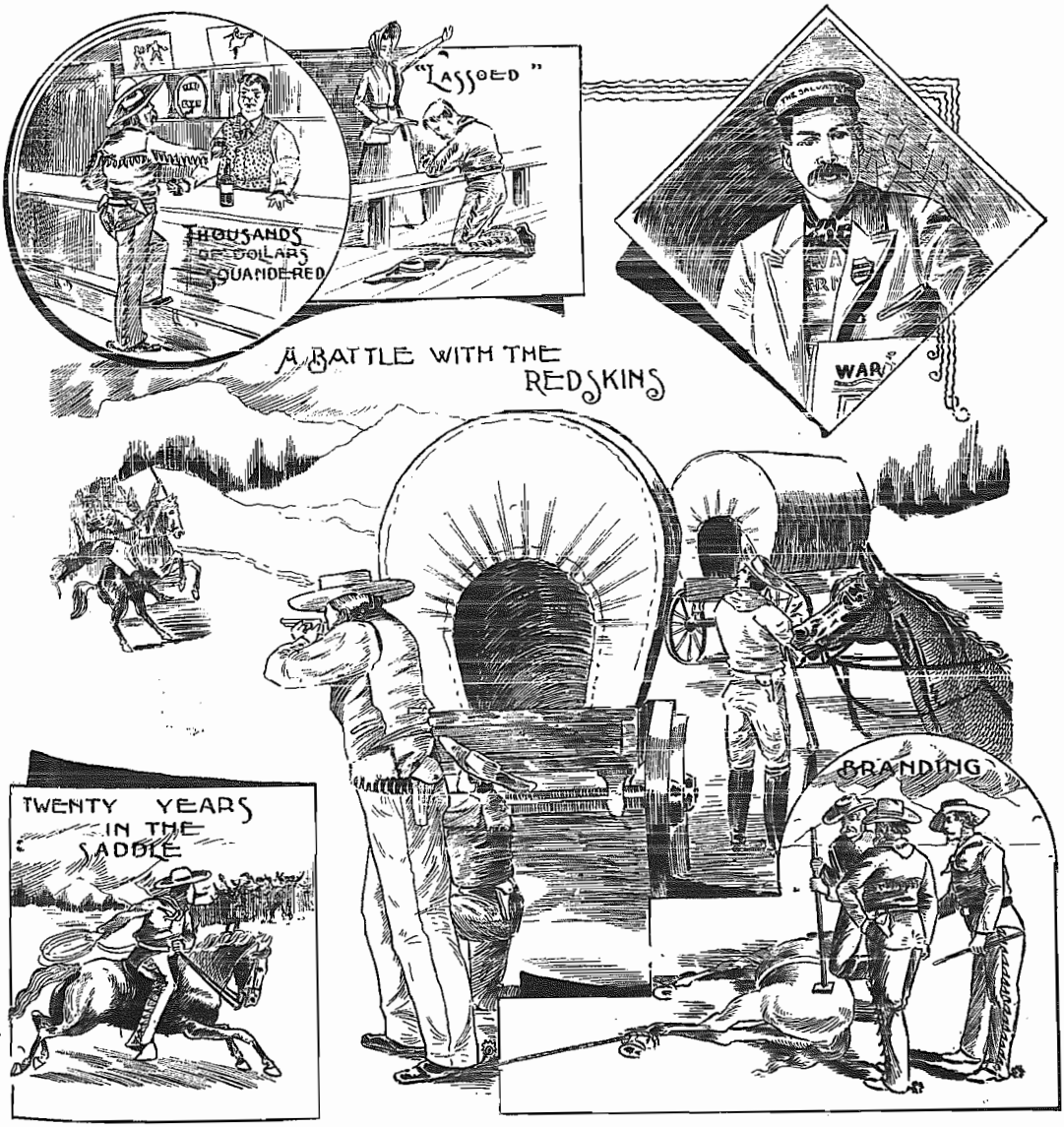

A CONVERTED COWBOY.

A CONVERTED COWBOY.

SERGEANT C. VAN CAMP,

Of Dillon, Mont., Gives an Interesting Sketch of His Life—Shooting Red-Skins—Gambling—Racing—Drinking—Jailed—The Army to the Rescue.

(See Frontispiece).

I, CHARLIE VAN CAMP, was born in Henry County, Iowa, in the year of 1856. My father was a farmer, but getting tired of the East, sold out his farm and started for the West in May, 1864, with two ox-teams and several yoke of cows, which were hitched to waggons and worked the same as oxen. We had an easy way of getting butter: we milked the cows in the morning, put it in a little dash churn that we sat up in the waggon, and by noon we would have butter. The jolting of the waggon would churn the milk into butter.

The Indians were on the war-path in those days. They troubled the travellers greatly, sometimes resulting in the loss of life. However, we took great care and came in large trains, escaping with only one battle, when

Many Indians Were Wounded,

but we were too numerous and mighty for them, as there were one hundred trains in our company.

We also had a hard time in crossing the plains, pulling over mountains and fording rivers. The water was very bad, —full of alkali, and poisoned the cattle; but we found out that bacon, or bacon grease given in time would save them.

We arrived at Bannock, Montana, in September, 1864. Here my father commenced farming again, and I took to the life of a cowboy, also investing money in cattle. I kept at this

Cowboy Life for Twenty Years.

In 1880 I sold my horses and cattle, which brought me $2,000. This I invested in stock again, and went into the business of raising horses for several years, and I prospered well financially; but in 1880 I commenced to drink a little wine, and very soon acquired a thirst for strong drink and gambling. I lived this life for about three years, and then I thought I had to do something to be like my myself. I therefore joined a Temperance Society, called

Bon Hogon's Club.

The Club lasted a year, then broke up. I did not drink any for eighteen months, but bought race-horses and gambled on races.

One day I thought I would take a drink of wine, and I soon went from wine to beer, from beer to whiskey, and was drinking all the time. My mother and father—being Methodists—coaxed and pleaded with me, but it was of no use, I was bound to drink, going on from bad to worse until I was a total wreck.

I was Locked in Jail

time and time again, and had to pay heavy fines. I kept on the broad road to hell until it became a perfect hell upon earth; my Lord forgotten, my mother's heart broken, my health ruined, my time wasted, my money—$1,000 per year—spent in sin and wickedness. Truly I was perishing.

But then the Salvation Army came to Dillon in November, 1895. In a drunken stupor I staggered into their meetings one day in December, and after the meeting, Captain Brierly, the Officer in charge, spoke to me and called me "Brother." That went to my heart, and I began to think that some one took an interest in me. I went several nights to the meetings, and on New Year's Eve, at the Watch-Night Service, I went to God as I was, cried to Him for mercy, and begged Him to deliver me from my habits and appetites, and God, right there and then, had compassion upon me and

Saved a Rebel Like Me.

I can truly say that since then I have had no desire for drink, gambling, racing or tobacco; old things have passed away and all things have become new. To God's glory I cay say that through and through I am a new creature in Jesus Christ. In places where I used to drink and gamble I now love to sell the War Cry and tell my old friends about the love of Christ.

WIDE AWAKE.

Be sure and find out when there are to be big days in your town; take advantage of these, and get up something special. The Chancellor will be only too glad to come and give you a helping hand on an occasion of this kind providing you let him know in time. Your District Officer will also be prepared to do all he can to assist you.—Agitator.

God sees, God leads. Shall not that suffice?

THE WATCHWORDS OF THE BIBLE

BY THE COMMANDANT

"I Can do it!"

At this moment a venomous thing seemed to fasten upon the brain of this miserable reasoner. He shuddered, while the poisonous thought implanted to his soul brought to his brow beads of feverish sweat. "No!" he exclaimed, "I haven't forgotten what they said, but I cannot—I must not—I dare not—think of that; and yet how can I be blind to my power in this matter? All Jerusalem is eager to buy—I am willing to sell. The elite of society are seeking—it is in my power to discover. The Pharisees clamour for a hero—perhaps I am destined for the distinction. The circumstances offer fame—who knows if for this reason I was born? Certainly here is a way to wealth and popularity I had not before thought of. But how shall I do it? This I know is really my anxiety. I see many dangers and difficulties in the way. How can I sell my Master and save my reputation? How can I betray and not be a traitor? How can I go back on my pledges and still hold up my head? How can I take blood money without staining my fingers? It is an awkward transaction, to say the least of it. Old associates will look at me—what will they think? Friends will converse—what shall I say? The crowd will question—how shall I reply? True, my present night is an unhappy one, but is it not possible I may be leaping from despondency to degradation, and from poverty to pollution? And yet," said this miserable wrestler with himself, while another wave of impulse sweet over his delirious brain, "and yet I know not. I must live, and since I find the service of this Man becoming so uncongenial, it is wise I should take the best means of establishing my independence. After all, my early convictions may have been mistaken, while my present misgivings may be warranted. Then perhaps I was fanatical, while now experience has taught me to be logical. The verdict of the Pharisee may be sound, while the testimony of the Carpenter and His ignorant fisherman the mere concoction of some impostor.

"And even supposing He should be the Christ, it does not follow that my doom would be sealed. It may be, it may not. I can still plead mercy. He has always been very forgiving, and He will forgive me. If He conquers, and I am found out, I shall plead; if He disappears, I shall be the gainer. Who knows whether my plan may not be the very way of forcing Him to prove His Messiahship! If so, then I can restore the money or devote it to His cause. Really, I feel as if I were all but resolved to do this thing. I shall lose His friendship, I know, but I shall gain other powerful allies. My fidelity?—well, my views have altered. My vows?—well, I didn't understand what I was doing. But my public utterances?—well, I can always say, 'Recent events have shocked my sense of honour.' That woman's extravagant waste of the ointment would be a good case for the public, and so I think—yes, I am resolved!"

Despair.

Here let the curtain drop, but only to rise again on the same man—wilder, more desperate, more savage. He carries the visage of a being whose soul is on fire. The lurid glow of it leaps from his eyes, the blaze of it roars in his ears, the breath of it scorches his brain. He looks—the blood of his Victim blears his vision; he listens—the groans of his Victim thrill his soul; he thinks—a thousand emissaries of the night give battle in his brain; he speaks—and voices from the abyss reply: "Thou art the man!" he prays—but his words are mere inflations that burst against the wall; he looks up—the heavens entomb him in a dome of iron; he looks down—Hell enlarges herself to receive him—he turns back—but angels with flaming swords bar the way; he pauses but mocking demons drag him on. Thus is the entering in of Satan to the soul of the traitor.

"What Will Ye Give Me?"

A capital "I," a big "ME," and a bigger "MY," lie at the root of every traitorship. No man ever yet parted with his sense of honor till he bowed in absolute submission to his sense of greed. It is the principle of grasp usurping the throne of the heart that has driven every traitor to his dastardly accomplishment. Grasp of power, grasp of fame, grasp of ease, grasp of money, grasp in one form or another, has hounded to ruin every miserable creature following the grim profession of Judas Iscariot. "What will ye give me?" This is precisely the question all self-seekers put to the Son of Man and His cause. In other words: "How much in coin of one sort or another am I going to get by either hiring out my services or throwing overboard my pledges?" For remember, traitors like Judas always begin to dispose of their Master piecemeal within the camp before they sell Him outright in the public market. The piecemeal business is often more profitable than the wholesale—that is why some prolong it as they do; but the wholesale is always the culmination of the piecemeal. Men who sell Christ generally do so for, and in consequence of, the same reason they have come to serve Him—because they think it pays. As the fingers of Judas ever tightened upon the strings in the bag, so in the vineyard of God there are, and ever have been, worthless stewards on the watch for self-aggrandisement. "How much shall I get?" their inmost hearts are always whispering; how much of self-improvement, of elevation in the social scale, of uprising from the gutter, the workshop, the pit mouth, or the bench? And, later on, how much of name, or position, or promotion, or future prosperity? until time and circumstance present one stupendous bid for both their Master and His cause, and the temptation, finding them with no higher end to serve than their own interest, carries them before it like a straw.

Oh, my brother, my sister, would you learn to resist these tides that rise at times against us all, tempting to forsake Christ, take up our ease and follow ourselves? Learn the secret of following Jesus, not because He offers you heaven, or peace, or blessing, but because you love Him. You will not betray Him then; for the language of love is not "How much will you give?" but "How much can I render?"

(To be Continued.)

TEN LITTLE GIRLS IN WHITE.

This was the attraction at Selkirk on Thursday night. Major Collier took the Officers and Cadets of the Garrison over to give the Comrades a lift financially and otherwise. The Ten Virgins had been announced, and their appearance on the street all in white soon drew a crowd. We had a fine open-air meeting, and then went to the Barracks, where a very impressive meeting was held. Ensign Walton, with four of the Cadets, were the foolish, and Captain Bailey and the other four were the wise virgins. The people listened very attentively to the service, and at the close a young man and a boy sought the Saviour so as to be ready when the bridegroom came.—T. H. C.

THE GIANT.

And so you would like to be great,
A conqueror, too, did you say?
Well, if you will listen a while,
I think I can show you the way.

There's a giant about in the world,
That a great deal of mischief can do,
But, strong as he is, I have hopes
That he will surrender to you.

If you live but to love and to serve,
You will conquer this giant, I know,
You may vanquish him even to-day.
For Self is the name of your foe!

Holiness is a walk with God, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, making no crooked paths.

"Now for Thee my feet shall run,
My eyes on Thy perfection gaze;
My soul shall live for God alone,
And all within me shout His praise."

All the Divine principles laid down to guide the early prophets and disciples in their spiritual service in the Kingdom of God are still the same, and as much in force to-day as they were the day they were first made known to the world. Not even the spirit of the Divine precepts has changed.

SHOTS FOR Salvation Shooters.

A Remarkable Occurance.

A CALIFORNIAN newspaper states that a man named Cincada was arrested for the murder of Ben Asnero. After the murder the cabin was burned over the remains. When examined before District Attorney Hunter, Cincada denied all knowledge of the crime, and called upon God to strike him dead if he knew anything of the murder. A few minutes later, as he was being ushered into a cell of the county jail, Cincada fell on his face dead. This incident reminds us of Psalm xxxvi. 1, 2, 3, "The transgression of the wicked saith within my heart, that there is no fear of God before his eyes. For he flatteth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful. The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit."

Won't Keep Covered.

A GENTLEMAN living in the State of New York said, not long since, that when one day when he was a boy he became angered at a command of his father, and as an act of revenge took an axe and hacked a big gash in a beautiful maple tree that stood in the yard. The bark soon grew over the wound, and nothing more was thought of it until many years later the tree fell before a wind-storm. The gentleman went to the tree, and found that the hack he had made had gone to the heart of the tree, and the whole heart had become rotten. So likewise is he that harbors in his heart some secret sin. In the course of time he may rest assured "his sin will find him out." In the course of time his heart will become polluted, and he will fall.

C. W. Bibb.

"Carry the Colors Forward."

AT GETTYSBURG, when Pickett's line made that memorable charge, Brigadier-General Armisted had actually broken and passed the Federal line, says a writer in Cut Gems, and thought the battle won, when he fell mortally wounded. The color bearer saw him fall, and forgetting the moment his own high commission, stopped to raise his fallen chief, but the dying soldier, remembering only the cause, waving him off, said sternly: "Carry the colors forward! Carry the colors forward!"

O men and women who change the world's sorried line of evil, remember that the cause you serve is greater than you.

What, though I fall, stop not to bury me. Carry the colors forward! What, though a seeming reverse comes to our advancing column, carry the colors forward! What, though all hell should oppose, and every influence of the world and the flesh reinforce the man of sin, carry the colors forward!

A Persecutor's Sudden Death.

WHEN MAJOR GASKIN was at St. there was a War Cry Sergeant in the Corps, who was subject to incessant persecution from his wife. On a certain Sunday night, eight or nine souls had been set free, and there was wonderful rejoicing among the Soldiers. The War Cry Sergeant, who was about to leave, stayed a little longer at the request of the Major, to share in the rejoicing, taking all risks of a heavy cursing heard from his wife when he got home. As usual, he got plenty of abuse when he arrived home. The Sergeant was a miner, and rose about four o'clock to go to the mine, leaving his wife, as he thought, sleeping in bed. His young daughter was in the habit of getting breakfast before he went to the mine. The Sergeant's wife was a strong, healthy woman, and had every appearance of living many years. As usual, the little girl called her mother after a time to come down to breakfast. The mother made no answer; the little girl went upstairs into her mother's bed-room, to find—to her horror—she was a corpse. "Call this what you like," said the Major, in telling the story, "it is remarkable that so many incidents of this sort happen to individuals who are persistent opposers of those who try to do the will of God."

EVERYDAY RELIGION.

BY THE GENERAL.

COURTSHIP.—No. II.

MY DEAR COMRADES,—I fancy that when some of my friends read the closing advice of my last paper, which was to the effect that young people should see some probability of being able to maintain the marriage state before making engagements for entering upon it, they might feel disposed to enquire as to where my faith in Divine Providence in such matters comes in, and to ask whether people are to wait for a settled income before allowing themselves to become engaged.

I answer—certainly. Anyway, they should do so before Marriage. Extraordinary cases may justify some exception to this rule, but in a general way that is my judgment. Far be it from me to advise any one to leave God out of their calculations on such an important matter, but I think that, until God indicates by His Providence the probability of their being able to support the Marriage State, young people should conclude that it is His will that they should wait a little longer before entering upon the preliminaries which lead to it. Again I say, that there will, doubtless, be exceptions, but that is the rule I would lay down.

Whether to Marry at all.

I now come to another circumstance which may not only justify both men and women remaining unmarried, but constitute a valid reason why they should do so, namely, the advantages accruing to the Kingdom of God by their continuing in a single state.

On this question there has been a great deal of controversy, and much misery. I have no doubt, has followed the mistaken judgments formed, and the unnatural regulations framed with respect to it. What does the Bible say upon the subject? I answer that its injunctions exactly tally with those of Common Sense, and with the varying circumstances in which men and women find themselves placed. I may, however, remark that:

Arguments For and Against.

1. The Bible nowhere absolutely commends the Unmarried State, apart from some peculiar circumstances, or some particular benefit that it is likely to bring to Society. There is not a passage in the Book that can be interpreted to signify any positive command for a state of Celibacy—that is, an Unmarried life—as at present approved and maintained in the Roman Catholic and some other Churches. It is left as a purely voluntary matter, which individuals must decide for themselves as to whether they should marry or not. They must consult the claims of the world around them, and enquire for the will of God in the matter.

2. There is no teaching, either on the part of Christ or His Apostles, which affirms that any special spiritual virtue exists in connection with the Unmarried State. The Bible goes on the assumption that the Married State is of God's arrangement, and, when expedient, is lawful and honourable in all. Indeed, to some temperaments and with some individuals the Apostle Paul admits that it will be easier to live a holy and useful life married than single.

3. At the same time, the Scriptures do say, and reason endorses the statement, that circumstances may transpire in the prosecution of the Salvation War, and that conditions may be reached in the history of the individual Soldiers engaged in it, that may not only render it lawful and desirable to abstain from Marriage, but absolutely necessary that they should do so. For instance, this will be the case—

Better Remain Unmarried.

1. In times of persecution, when banishments, martyrdoms, imprisonments, tortures and the like will entail less suffering if endured by single men and women than by married people, seeing that in the latter case the distress would have to be shared by wives and children.

2. A Single State leaves the soul that can heartily embrace it less burdened with care and anxiety, and consequently affords more leisure for Prayer and Worship and communion with God, also greater opportunities for blessing and benefiting men than a Married State.

3. A Single State affords greater freedom and independence of action for Meetings, Travellings to and fro in the world, and generally attending to the business of the Kingdom. Especially is this the case on the part of women, whether Soldiers or Officers. A woman has a thousand times more freedom and opportunity for fighting for God and winning souls when Single than she can have Married. Every woman ought to consider this well and make up her mind on the subject, before she consents to a Marriage engagement.

When Courtship is Contemplated.

When convinced as to the wisdom and desirability of Marriage, or when the inducements to form an Engagement arise, several considerations should be taken into account. These appear to me so important that I will note them for the benefit of any who may have reached this particular stage in their history.

1. COURTSHIP SHOULD BE LOOKED UPON AS A VERY SERIOUS BUSINESS. Remember, no single act of life will be found so fruitful of either happiness or misery as the step you are contemplating; that if the Partner who is in your mind be not a suitable one, you had ten thousand times better refuse him or her, as the case may be, even if you should never have another chance of marriage through all your days.

2. HONESTLY COMMIT YOURSELF TO GOD, FOR HIS GUIDANCE IN THIS MATTER, and ask that His wisdom may direct your judgment and bring you to a right decision, fully resolved that whatever He shall reveal as being best for you and the Kingdom you will do, at all costs and consequences.

3. BE RESOLVED TO BE GUIDED IN YOUR DECISION BY YOUR JUDGMENT RATHER THAN BY YOUR FEELINGS, IMPULSES, INTERESTS, THE ADVICE OF FRIENDS, OR ANYTHING ELSE.

4. ON NO ACCOUNT UNDERTAKE ANY COURTSHIP EXCEPT WITH A VIEW TO MARRIAGE. Don't allow yourself to be led into it, under any pretence whatever, until you have reason to believe that Marriage with the party with whom you are associating yourself is possible and desirable.

5. BEWARE OF FLIRTING. By that I mean every form of intercourse and familiarity between men and women which can be interpreted to indicate more than pure and honest friendship, when there is no real intention of such intercourse leading up to Marriage. A flirt of either sex is ordinarily a vain, giddy creature, with little sense, less heart, and an utter absence of grace, who seeks a little passing gratification in this fashion, without regard to the hopeless expectations that may be raised in others, or the bitter disappointments that may be entailed. Such people generally come to grief, being usually found out by sensible people as utterly untrustworthy, and finally left high and dry, as far as Marriage is concerned, or led into Unions which fill the rest of their lives with vexation. I do not think that flirts are very common in The Salvation Army. I would to God they were utterly unknown!

Woe! Woe! Woe to Early Courtships!

6. GUARD AGAINST EARLY ENGAGEMENTS. I write for Salvationists, who, whatever their sex or station, or however young they may be in years, have usually serious business in hand, and while I admit that there may be exceptions to the rule, I should think that, with them, early engagements are an unmixed evil. Many objections can, I think, with justice be brought against them. Take the following:

1. With few exceptions they are made before the parties are old enough to know what is involved in the Marriage relation, or what is required by each partner in the other, and are consequently utterly disqualified for making a choice likely to ensure the approval and secure the happiness of after years.

2. Early Engagements ordinarily take the attention off other important work, leading to a sad waste of valuable time, thereby involving the irreparable loss of opportunities for improvement, both in Officers and Soldiers, which, taken altogether, is seriously damaging to The Army.

3. Early engagements often lead to Marriage before that amount of experience in the War has been gained, or that position secured which is necessary to ensure the greatest amount of future usefulness. While this may apply specially to Officers, it has an important application to all.

4. As I have already said, I object to early engagements because they are ordinarily made before evidence is forthcoming as to the ability to support the Marriage State.

5. I object to early engagements because they commonly lead to broken pledges, indescribable desolations and regrets, or end in miserable matches entailing lifelong miseries.

My Own Experience.

I object to early Marriages because they are usually the outcome of little more than the merest Animal Instincts, or a little passing feeling, and are, consequently, entered upon without any rational calculations as to consequences.

I speak feelingly. I wasted some precious hours of my youth in this direction. It was the usual story, with trifling variations. Because of some real or fancied resemblance to a young son, just laid in the grave, I became a welcome visitor at the house of a respectable neighbor, whose daughter soon manifested an interest in me that equalled that of her parents.

Her figure, her eyes, her hair, her disposition charmed me. Here was my companion spirit for life. I wrote poetry, read fiction, and spent hours in sighs and dreams and nonsense in general, and yet two creatures more unlikely to be usefully yoked together never talked or looked love to each other.

But then, I was only a youth, unconverted, and utterly destitute of any practical knowledge of the seriousness and responsibility of life. The world to me was neither more nor less than a Playground for Pleasure, or a Market-place for Profit, and that mode of passing the time away which was most agreeable at the moment was most attractive.

But the Grace of God ended all this rubbish. It brought a revolution without and within. Without, the world, instead of a Pleasure-ground, and a Market-place, became a Battlefield, in which I felt I had received a call to fight the demons of Hell for the Salvation of men. Henceforth, I had neither thoughts, nor words, nor heart for the pastime of making love, until the time arrived when the occupation would answer some useful purpose. Moreover, my tastes and requirements as to a partner for my future days all changed. Involuntarily, instinctively, you might say, the childish business was abandoned. In after years I offered to fulfil the thoughtless pledges made in those early days, but was honorably relieved from any obligations arising out of them, and so my first engagement came to an end. It might have been different, and the senseless "Calf-love" of inexperienced youth might have entailed a withering blight on all the happiness and usefulness of my future days.

Your affectionate General,

WILLIAM BOOTH.

STUCK IN THE RUTS!
—A Cartoon from the South African War Cry.

Brigadier Howell

TALKS AFFECTIONATELY OF HIS OLD PROVINCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

BRIGADIER HOWELL looked as happy as a hungry school-boy just going home to dinner as he appeared in the War Cry Office for a final handshake before going West. We got a little information worth passing on.

Roughly speaking, the Brigadier has had a two-years' stay in Central Ontario. Respecting the great criterion of Army success, viz., Soldier-making, the Brigadier's record shows well, for, after allowing for losses from all causes, the Roll-Call for the Province shows an increase of over three hundred on the total two-years ago.

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The Junior Soldier work, which, next to Soldier-making, is the most important branch of Army work, has gone up from almost nothing to a total of six thousand attendance monthly, and a revenue which supports the Junior Soldiers' Secretary, Adjutant Hay.

During the past two years there have been from eighty-five to ninety applications for Officership, about two-thirds of which have been accepted. At the present time the Central has twenty-three cases of Candidates pending, and only about three of them are likely to be rejected.

* * * *

The Corps, the Brigadier said, generally speaking, were in a good and healthy condition comparatively. There was room for much improvement, he thought, but taking things on the whole, there was a better feeling, more confidence, more Soldiers and bigger crowds than formerly. In some of the Corps a specially good work has been done.

* * * *

On receiving his farewell orders, the Brigadier sent out a letter to his Soldiers and friends containing a financial appeal. He desired the War Cry to express his special thanks for the kindly response made; it had helped him to leave things in good shape. On arriving he found a $2,000 debt burdens. Off that he has been enabled to clear over $1,000.

* * * *

The Brigadier spoke highly of the co-operation afforded him in his work by Staff-Captain Watson, his Chancellor. He has rendered valuable service in the Central, and it was no small pleasure to him to be given the privilege of his co-operation in days to come.

Concerning his successor, the Brigadier considers the Field Commissioner's choice a very wise one. No one that he knew of would take hold of and carry on the work better than Brigadier Read and his Chancellor, Staff-Captain Minnice. "I feel they are just the right people," said the Brigadier.

* * * *

The Brigadier greatly appreciates the past co-operation of the Officers and Soldiers of the Central. Referring to his stay in such close proximity to the Territorial Headquarters' people, he reiterated, on behalf both of Staff-Captain Watson and himself, what he said at the farewell meeting the night before, viz., that his associations with Headquarters had increased his loyalty to the Army and his respect for those who occupy responsible positions there. He specially appreciates the Field Commissioner's mark of confidence in sending him to so important and distant an appointment. Both himself, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Watson and Staff-Captain are in tip-top spirits, full of hope and faith for the future of the "Pacific," and may be depended on as staunch Salvationists as much in the future as the past.

The Brigadier mentioned with evident pleasure the good feeling exhibited towards him in the farewell trips at Barrie, Bowmanville, Bracebridge, Lindsay, and Toronto, which latter was a beautiful wind-up, full of expressions of good-will.

For all that has been done, the Brigadier lays the glory at the feet of his Master, and goes to Spokane fully covenanted to live the life of Christ and do His work.

THE DEVIL.

WE ARE TOLD in the Scriptures that our "adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour."

Now, in the first place, God has gone to the trouble to warn us that we have an adversary, and we understand by that he is one who is opposed to us.

We are also informed who he is,—the DEVIL is his name, which we must acknowledge is very suggestive!

Yes, he is likened unto a "ROARING LION," who is the king of the forest and the terror of all.

It also states that he is "WALKING ABOUT," or, in other words, at large, "seeking whom he may devour."

The object of his search is exposed, namely, "DEVOUR." It can be said of him that He is no respector of persons.

There is an old adage, commonly used, which says, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," but there seems to be an exception to this rule, for the warning contained in the above is unheeded, and, as a natural consequence, the prey is easily captured. We see him as an all but irresistible enemy sweeping everything before him.

Let us look for a moment at the "adversary" of to-day and the different means he uses to secure or accomplish his end, namely "DEVOUR." We will consider a few of the worst forms to which countless numbers have fallen victims. The first is the LION OF STRONG DRINK, and can the multitude be numbered who have been overtaken by this monster? Let us look at the ARCH DECEIVER and examine the work accomplished by him. Oh, what sorrow! Oh, what tears of blood! oh, what broken hearts of wives and mothers who, o'ercome with grief, have gone down to an early grave! And we can't stop here. Look at the prisons, jails and mad-houses he has peopled, and oh, my God! we can't stop here, for the grave-digger is busy opening new graves for the victims of this adversary. Then on we are carried until we hear the cry of despair and the wail of woe from the lake of the lost,—from those whom he devoured through this agency.

"Oh, what broken hearts of wives and mothers!"

We next see the adversary in the form of LUST. Oh, the crowd of men and women whose passions have been set on fire by the flames of hell, and to gratify their sensual desires have forfeited virtue, purity, home, mother and God, and not until it is too late did they realize that they have been captured by their adversary, who with great delight is slowly but surely devouring them.

And these are not the only forms he assumes, for I see him stalking about as the GODDESS OF FASHION, and my heart saddens when I look upon the mighty throng who bow at his shrine and do homage to this disguised adversary, until they are devoured.

There are a host of other forms he adopts, such as sinful pleasure in all its varieties, then on to money-making, gambling and unbelief, and many more too numerous to mention, making sad havoc on the right and left, among the rich and poor, the high and low, yes, wherever man is found, it matters not whether they are in the East or West, North or South, in the day or night, he is there, and with great delight DEVOURING HIS PREY.

Hark! Don't you hear their groans of despair and wails of woe? Yes, those sounds seem to come to my ears with a note of warning to be sober and watchful, for as a roaring lion the Adversary walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.

* * * *

Now, if you are a victim of his Satanic power, let me point you to the Lamb of God who died to take away the sins of the world. He will deliver and set you free, and through His grace you will be more than a match for the adversary of your soul.

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free."

Yours, a Conqueror,
ADJT. ALEX McLEAN.

FOR SAINTS AND SINNERS.

The Tomb of the Sunbeam.

"NOW, BUCKLAND," said George Stevenson, the great engineer, "I have a question for you," as the railway train was seen sweeping along, tossing behind it its cloud of steam. "Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?"

"Well," said Buckland, "I suppose it is one of your big engines, Master George."

"Oh! but what drives the engine?"

"Oh, very likely one of your canny Newcastle drivers!"

"What would you say if I were to tell you that it is the light of the sun?"

"How can that be?" said the doctor?"

"It is nothing else," replied Stevenson; "it is light which has been buried up in the earth for tens of thousands of years—light absorbed by plants and vegetables, being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth, and now, after being buried in the earth for long ages in beds of coal, that latent light is again brought forth and liberated, and made to work in that great engine for human progress and comfort."

So black coals are the graves of sunbeams. In the bright, sparkling fire the lost sunbeam finds its resurrection splendour.

Though even the sunbeam may seem to lose its way and get buried in a black coffin, yet it finds itself free in light again.

Buried in darkness to-day, it may burn in beauty and in a flame of fire, ascending seek the sun to-morrow. And they who fall asleep in Christ shall have a glorious awakening. They shall be raised in power. Their bodies may be laid in the grave, as we have seen so many laid away, but through Christ the glorious awakening is just as certain.

The Earlier the Easter.

An old man one day took a child on his knee and spoke to him about Jesus, telling him to seek the Saviour now, to pray to Him, and love Him.

The child knew that the old man was not himself a Christian, and, in his surprise, looking up into the old man's face, asked, "But why don't you seek Christ?"

The old man, affected by the question, replied with tears, "Ah, my child! I neglected to do so when I was young, and now my heart is so hard that I fear I never shall be able."

There was no reason why even then he should not have sought the Lord. Perhaps after all He did seek Him. But what a warning is in his words!

I have read a story somewhere of a man who, when he thought in his old age of settling about the repentance he had put from him in his youth and manhood, heard a voice saying, "Give him the bran to whom thou hast given the flour." It was the voice of his own conscience perhaps; perhaps the voice of the devil—always ready to lead a soul first to presume on pardon, and then despair of it.

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to-morrow. And weeks and months and years hence, even could you be sure of them, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ! "They that seek Me early shall find Me."—Selected.

It is a waste of breath to talk any louder than we live.

Religion is not a philosophy, but an experience and power.

Oh, for a Christianity which would make men honest, not only towards each other, but towards their Maker! which would never let them cheat Him out of His rightful place!

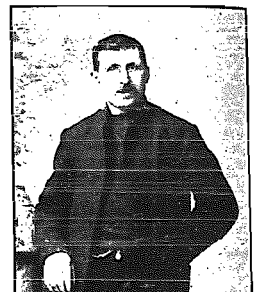
Think of things that are lovely, true, and of good report, and you won't have to worry so much about your neighbours.

Too many people—saved, sanctified, fully expecting to be glorified—waste strength and energy which ought to be given to growth, in puzzling over things which should have been settled once for all when they gave themselves wholly up to God.

AN INTERESTING GLIMPSE

At the Home Life of the Late Mrs. General Booth.

"The Lord dealt with me in a very wonderful way. Three months after this, my dear husband fell sick the first time, and he was obliged to go away into the country. A deputation waited on me to ask me to take his town appointments. I said I could not think of such a thing. What could I do with that great congregation? They must not ask me—and away they went. They came back again to know if I would take the nights; they implored and importuned me until I promised. So you see, God forced me to begin to think and work. I was obliged, and I did it with four little children, the eldest then four years and three months old. It looked an inopportune time, did it not, to begin to preach? It looked as though the Lord must have made a mistake. However, He gave me grace and strength, and enabled me to do it; and while I was nursing my baby, many a time I was thinking of what I was going to say next Sunday, and between times noted down with a pencil the thoughts as they struck. And then I would appear sometimes, with an outline scratched in pencil, trussing in the Lord to give me the power of His Holy Spirit; and I think I can say from that day—and it is about nineteen years and nine months since—He has never allowed me to open my mouth without giving me signs of His presence and blessing. Don't you see that while the devil kept me silent he kept me comparatively fruitless; yet I have ground to hope and expect to meet hundreds in glory whom God has made me instrumental in saving. The Lord dealt very tenderly with me, giving me great encouragement, but some things were dreadful to me at first. I would not go into pulpits that the people demanded it. And the first time I saw my name on a wall!—I shall never forget the sensation. Then my dear husband said, 'When you gave yourself to God, did you not give Him your name? Then he used to go from one thing to another, until now I have learned to glory in the Cross. When a dear friend was talking the other day about the tremendous undertaking it was to go to France and begin there, I said, 'My dear sir, I should not feel any more disconposed to go to France, and open there next Sunday, than I should to appear in St. Andrew's Hall, simply for this reason, that I believe God is the same in every place, and the same faith, and the same truths and the same faithfulness will bring Him to our help.' 'Ye are My witnesses,' saith the Lord, 'And, lo, I am with you always.'"



War Cry Sergt. JAMES MOORE,
Of Halifax I.

SERGEANT MOORE is a native of Newfoundland. He was converted in the Salvation Army twelve years ago, and he has spent six years of his service for the Lord in Halifax. He takes great pleasure in pushing the War Cry in the saloons, etc., after his day's work, selling from forty to fifty per week. May God bless him in his effort!

JOHN McINTYRE,
Captain.

THE WORLD-WIDE WAR

Where water is sold at six cents per gallon, as at Norseman, Tasmania, the gift of a tank to our Officers and the promise of another came as a very welcome donation.—|—The waste-paper workshops of one of our elevators, London, England, were recently destroyed by fire; yet so speedy were the arrangements for new premises that not a man was thrown out of work for a single day.—|—The Salvation Army is doing much to solve the problem of the salvation of the emigrant Celestial. At a midnight meeting in San Francisco, four Chinese seekers knelt at the penitent-form, and at an open-air on a certain Sunday twelve of the same race knelt in the mud and professed to find mercy. It appears as if our work was being recognized, for when the Chinese Minister passed through the same city, seven of the much-sought after invitation cards were sent to our Officers of the Chinese Corps.—|—Endeavors are being set on foot by the Rescue Work in England to get permits for our Rescue Officers to be allowed to visit the prison of Portsmouth as chaplains of the Women's Ward.—|—The Commandant officially "enrolled" the Cinematographic in a meeting in Melbourne.—|—Major Blanche Cox has arrived in England on a brief furlough from the States.—|—Three months ago 117 new Officers reinforced the British Field from the International Training Homes. All of these are still, hard at it.—|—27 Corps, reaching about 50,000 people every week, and several Social Wing Institutions, are the splendid statistics of our work in New Zealand.—|—The Commandant's Tasmanian reception was on a mighty scale. In connection with the same he opened a new Rescue Home at Hobart, at which there were present quite a number of leading people, including the Honourable Stafford and Mrs. Bird, Alderman and Mrs. Benjamin, Alderman and Mrs. Smith, etc.

"He that being often reproved hardeneth his heart, shall suddenly be destroyed and that without remedy.—Prov. xxix. 1.

MAIL BAG SIFTINGS.

'RAH FOR THE OLD CRY.

This week's Cry just received. Think the cut is just the thing. (Devil-cracking cradle.)—H. C. Kendall, Brockville.

* * * *

"No! if I can't send something that will be of some interest, if not of profit, I'll refrain, even if I have to be considered negligent in this regard. But, bless me, you'll think I'm not very hard up for something to say, whatever the quality after this, so I guess I'll quit."

* * * *

"This is a desperate hard place to do anything for God in: the people seem to be thoroughly hardened and impervious to any good. Lust and immorality reign supreme in high places in this town, and is CONDONED; that's the worst of it. Oh, the Judgment Bar! what an awful place for some!"

* * * *

Says a Field Officer, in reference to the front page of the War Cry called "Sleeping Christianity," which appeared recently. "I don't know when I have received more help from anything than the frontispiece a few weeks ago. If at any time I am tempted to slacken pace, which seems to be my besetment, that scene appears before me."

* * * *

ENSIGN PUGH, of Newcastle, N. B., has struck on a capital idea for securing songs of a good quality for the Young Soldier. He asked the Young Soldiers to each try their hand at composing, and he says several made good attempts. The premier song in the Army to the tune "Over Jordan," appeared in the Young Soldier dated May 29th.

* * * *

Thus waxeth eloquent one of our occasional contributors: "I am always interested in it (the War Cry) and one reason I have not done more is that I have nothing to offer or material to write about, and I have no patience with those eternal stringings of stereotype sentences about 'Met at the train by Captain Knockemdown; took tea with Mrs. Snooks, a good Presbyterian friend of the Army. After refreshing the inner man, the Soldiers pitched in and shrieked the house down; lots of conviction but no one yielded—SURE THERE WILL BE A BREAK SOON,' and they might wind up by saying 'We are sure the Heavens will crack after this visit.'"

* * * *

A lady, writing the Field Commissioner, says: "I didn't cut the slip out of the dear old War Cry, as requested, for they are a treasure to me. I lay them by (when read) as a treasure, to read in the future. I am sorry I cannot send more. The War Cry is a great blessing to me in reading it. I know how the War is being pushed ahead, and what glorious times you all have in meeting together for that God and carry on His good work. That privilege is not mine, for I am shut up in a country place, away from meetings; but praise God, He is with me and able to keep. Glory to His name!

MRS. G. N. D.

HAMILTON, BERMUDA, recently visited by Major Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Gage, of the Eastern Province.

VISIT of MAJOR PUGMIRE and STAFF-CAPT. GAGE TO BERMUDA.

200 Seekers, 75 of Which were for Salvation—Great Excitement—Immense Crowds—Great Open-Air Demonstration Souls Saved in the Open-Air—Sworn in Twenty-Seven Soldiers.

IT WAS my pleasure to visit Bermuda, the Island of the Lily and the Rose, and spend three happy, blessed weeks with our people there. In Bermuda it is summer all the year round. The Island abounds with bananas and luscious fruits of various kinds, fields of lilies, etc., etc.

* * * *

We arrived on the 20th after a very rough passage, and although it was 7.30 in the morning, the Officers, Band and Corps came to the wharf to welcome us. As we steamed in, we could hear beautiful strains of the band playing, "Bright crowns," and soon we were gripping their hands, and in their midst.

* * * *

At present we have two Corps, one at Hamilton and the other at Southampton Parish. We hope before long to open two more. The population of the Island is about 15,000. It is two-thirds colored. The work is in charge of Adjutant DesBrisay, an experienced and faithful Officer, who first opened up the work, and has been in command seventeen months. She is ably assisted by Captains Johnson, Smith and Forsyth. We have about 130 Soldiers, who are not only Soldiers in name, but Soldiers in deed, wear uniform, fight, pray, hold on for souls, and remain until the finish up of prayer-meetings.

The people are very free and open-hearted, and when captured make first-class Soldiers.

* * * *

Bermuda is composed of 365 islands, and the scenery is sublime. Bermudians enjoy one of the finest climates in the world, situated in mid-ocean as it is. It is free from frost. The cold whitry blasts that come down from Manitoba, extending even from Florida, after passing over the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, are warmed. August and September are disagreeable months owing to the enervating southerly winds. There is, however, almost invariably a good breeze from some quarter. Nights and mornings are cool and delightful. Sunstroke is unknown. The mercury seldom ever rises above 85 degrees or falls below 50, while the average is 70 degrees. Bermudians sit on their verandahs all the year round, and the majority never think of fire, except for cooking purposes. Strangers who visit there in winter generally speak highly of the climate. The worn-out and exhausted business man, and the aged, generally find the place most agreeable.

Bermuda stands in the centre of the Atlantic, singularly and peculiarly situated by nature, and encircling the Island are coral reefs and rocks. There is only a limited number of navigable openings, and these are intricate and dangerous, unless under the guidance of experienced pilots. The Island is one of England's strongholds, second only to Gibraltar in being the strongest fortified place in the world. There are usually two regiments situated here, and in the winter it is a station for an American fleet.

* * * *

The meetings throughout our Campaign were well attended, and were remarkable for power. God did indeed mightily come to our help. Smashed up people's hearts, and brought them to see their need of God. We had the joy while there of swearing in 27 Soldiers. It will be a good addition to the Corps. The Band is in very fair form under the able leadership of Captain Davis Smith, who has done good service in the Maritime Provinces.

Bermuda Soldiers are good knee-drillers. The three Sunday mornings we averaged 110 each Sunday to knee-drill. Will Canadian Soldiers please take note and emulate their example?

* * * *

Our finishing-up meetings were of a remarkable character. Barracks jammed, people turned away, and as we left the town, the Officers, Band and Corps, and crowds of people came to see us off, the Band playing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

We were very pleased with what we saw, and believe the work of Salvation will continue to roll on and influence and effect the whole Island.

J. S. PUGMIRE,
Provincial Officer.

Several of the Departmental chiefs and A. D. C.'s at Headquarters are changing quarters in the Temple. The noted "Sam Sorter Co." expect to be found henceforth in the offices vacated by the C. O. P. people, who have gone to Lippincott.

We were all pleased to hear of Susign and Mrs. Creighton being promoted to Adjutants, and believe a glorious future awaits them at Brantford. The following Officers in West Ontario are promoted to Captains: Liston, Blakeway, Matthews and Bragge.

Pars of the Period.

Tightening Laws.

The New York Legislature has passed the Raines amendment bill which is expected to make a great deal of difference to the liquor traffic. The former Raines bill had led to the establishment of many fake hotels which will be wiped out under the new system. Club selling will also be interfered with, and generally speaking, restrictions will be imposed upon those who are carrying on the business.—Camp Tin.

A Disgusting and Filthy Habit

The spitting habit is an absolute menace to public health. Dr. Paul Gibler recently declared that "if this habit of expectoration in public could be stopped, I am sure that in time tuberculosis would die out altogether." The danger to health by the indulgence of this disgusting habit has frequently been pointed out, and the existence of the dangers has never been denied. A protest from the fair sex appears in 'The Ladies' Home Journal for May. The writer says, with much truth, that if men were compelled to wear skirts for a period their indulgence of the vulgar habit would be very naturally checked.

Total Abstinence.

The United Kingdom Temperance and General Insurance Company has been in business since 1840. Since 1847 it has had two classes of risks, total abstainers and non-abstainers. These two classes have been kept entirely distinct. During an experience of 45 years it has been found that the average life of the moderate drinker is 25 per cent. shorter than the average life of the total abstainer. On the average, total abstainers who insure at the age of 20, live to be 64 years old. The moderate drinker's life averages 51½ years. Those who are confirmed tipplers at 30, die at the average age of 35½ years. In this diagram the short line represents the confirmed tippler. The middle line the moderate drinker. The long line the total abstainer.

DRINKER—15½ YEARS.
MODERATE DRINKER—31½ YEARS.
TOTAL ABSTAINER—44 YEARS.

Impregnable Gibraltar.

The greatest fortress in the world is Gibraltar. The height of the rock is over 1,400 feet, and this stupendous precipice is pierced by miles of galleries in the solid stone, port holes for cannon being placed at frequent intervals. The rock is perfectly impregnable to the shot of an enemy, and, by means of the great elevation, a plunging fire can be directed from an enormous height upon a hostile fleet. From the water batteries to a distance of two-thirds up the rock one tier after another of cannon is presented to the enemy. The garrison of from 7,000 to 10,000 is [illegible] British and attacked by an army of over 40,000 men, with 1,000 pieces of artillery, 47 sail of the line, 10 great floating batteries, and great numbers of smaller boats. For months over 6,000 shells a day were thrown into the tower.

Bobbie Burns on "Drink."

The new Centenary Edition of Burns' poems contains the following sad lines, not found in the ordinary edition. They are addressed to the poet's friend, William Steward:—

"In honest Bacon's ingle-neuk,
Here maun I sit and think;
Sick o' the warld and warld's-folk,
An' sick, damn'd sick, o' drink.
I see, I see, there is nae help,
But still doun I maun sink;
Till some day laigh enough I yelp,
'Wae worth that cursed drink!'

"Yestreen, alas! I was sae fou,
I could but yisk and wink;
And now this day, sair I rue
The weary, weary drink.
Satan, I fear thy sooty claws,
I hate thy brimstane stink;
And, aye, I curse the luckless cause,
The wicked soup o' drink."

Mrs. Captain Cockerill has had to again take a furlough, and Captains L. Brannigan, Wheelan and Findlay, and Lieutenant Hollett are all taking a well-earned furlough. Captains Dean and Pettit are still under the weather, but are hoping to take an appointment by the end of the month.

During the seven months' stay of Captain Smith and Lieutenant Allard in the command of Newmarket, the War Crys have been increased fifteen copies; the Young Soldier, thirty copies; All The World, three; Soldiers enrolled, twenty-five, with eight more Recruits ready to be enrolled.

A young gentleman from the country has just had a big card printed at the Army Printing house which bears the following in big type:

"I have no house-room for the cursed swearer,
Nor any welcome for the false tale-bearer;
The liar shall not in my presence dwell,
Such guests as these are only fit for hell."

Staff-Captain Turner writes: "Captain Clark was happily married to Adjutant Crawford at Detroit on the 13th, and a few more days will see the departure of another of our sister Officers in the person of Captain Frink, to join the land of the benedicts. God bless the above Comrades, and may their future be crowned with blessing. Our prayers follow them."

AT THE **PAVILION**

(Toronto)

MISS BOOTH

will conduct

A Great Wedding Ceremony

ON JUNE 28TH, 1897.

Further particulars later.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

ENSIGN PAGE, Literary Secretary, to be Adjutant.

LIEUTENANT FORSYTHE, Hamilton, Bermuda, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENTS—

BRIGADIER READ, Financial Secretary, to be Provincial Officer Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER HOWELL, Provincial Officer Central Ontario Province, to Pacific Province.

MAJOR SOUTHALL Chancellor Pacific Province, to be Provincial Officer West Ontario Province.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MINNICE, Training Homes, to be Chancellor, Central Ontario Province.

STAFF-CAPTAIN HARGRAVE, Chancellor East Ontario Province, to Territorial Headquarters.

STAFF-CAPTAIN RAWLING, Assistant Trade Secretary, to be Chancellor East Ontario Province.

STAFF-CAPTAIN WATSON, Chancellor Central Ontario Province, to Pacific Province.

ADJUTANT MORRIS, Accountant, Secretary to the Chief Secretary.

he has peopled, and oh, my God! we can't stop here, for the grave-digger is busy opening new graves for the victims

ENSIGN SHEA, Assistant [illegible], to be Assistant Trade Secretary.

ENSIGN KENNING, General Secretary's Office, to War Cry Staff.

ENSIGN MORRIS, CHIEF SECRETARY's Office, to be the Field Commissioner's Secretary.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

WAR CRY

THE SUMMER OPPORTUNITY.

IT looks as if the country is awake to the opportunity the summer season presents. Our daring warrior leader, the Field Commissioner, is right at the van of the fight in this respect, and her week-end Campaigns are stirring the places visited from centre to circumference. Pray for a great harvest of souls this summer.

GOOD-BYE, BRIGADIER AND MRS. HOWELL.

BRIGADIER HOWELL'S farewell tour was fittingly concluded at the Temple on Thursday night, when the City forces rallied and gave him and Mrs. Howell, with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Watson, a splendid good-bye. The meeting was a beautiful one and the way the folk thronged around the farewelling party was a fine mark of the esteem in which they are held.

THE WHEEL HELPS GUELPH.

THE WHEEL has again vindicated itself in the eyes of Salvationists in connection with the visit of the Field Commissioner and Staff to Brampton and Guelph, a glorious series of meetings having been conducted there, and the people impressed for God and eternity, the financial outlay being very small compared with the great advantages of the demonstration. Without the wheel it would have been next to impossible to bring such a Staff to the city.

THE WEDDING AT THE PAVILION.

The mysterious announcement which adorned our pages last issue has excited some curiosity as to just who it is who is to be joined in matrimony by Miss Booth at the Pavilion. The names of both the Officers to whom the paragraph referred are loved wherever they are known. By old association with the work of the International Training Homes, and as a faithful armor-bearer of the Field Commissioner, Adjutant Pease is a familiar figure of Transatlantic warfare, while during her North-Western tour, through the correspondence of her Auxiliary Secretaryship and her responsible connection with Territorial Training operations, she holds a warm place in the hearts of hundreds of her Comrades on this her present battle-ground, who have learnt to appreciate her hard work and devotion. Adjutant Stanyon's prominence on this occasion will also specially awaken interest across the sea, where his career as a Field Officer and in the service he rendered in the Junior War have left behind him a record of success. Although he is not so generally known through the wide expanses of this Territory, he is both well-known and highly esteemed where his work lies, viz., in his own district in Kingston. The fact that the Field Commissioner herself is tieing the knot will be in itself a sufficient guarantee of a noted and remarkable wedding.

Ontario Government

AIDS THE RESCUE WORK.

THE GOVERNMENT of Ontario has just handed to the Army authorities the usual Annual Grant on behalf of the maintenance of the Homes for Women and Children in Ontario. The institutions benefited are: London Rescue Home, Hamilton Rescue Home, Toronto Rescue Home and Toronto Children's Shelter. The amount is two cents per capita, which, while affording some highly appreciated relief to our pressed financial condition, still leaves us with a big burden to carry in meeting the balance of expenses.

Unsatisfactory	12
Home at present	11
Situations	26

There is a blessed future before us in the Capital City, both on purely spiritual and social-spiritual lines.

Anniversary Food and Shelter Depot, Quebec.

(Special.)

Two special meetings in Quebec. League of Mercy and Social. Rev. W. Sparling, Chairman Social Meeting, spoke commendatory of this department. Citizens kind and interested; leading business people visit: substantial response, one gentleman giving fifty dollars donation to Shelter.

People anxious Field Commissioner's visit historic city. Press report following. "Forward" the watch-word.

MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Major Pugmire Visits Sussex, Amherst, and Spring Hill Special Meetings—Promotion of Brother Seaman to Glory, Etc., Etc.

SUSSEX.—In company with Mrs. Pugmire and family and Cadet Smith, of St. John Training Garrison, I proceeded to the above place to conduct anniversary services. Sussex cannot boast of a very large Corps, but if we have not the "quantity," we have got the "quality" of Soldiers. God will bless and reward them for their faithfulness.

The Methodist Church had been very kindly loaned for Saturday night and Sunday morning. The Rev. Mr. Hamilton was present with us on the Saturday night, when I gave some facts and figures of the Salvation Army.

Sunday night the Barracks was nearly filled. God came down in power. One soul made her way from the back of the hall to the Mercy Seat. The Rev. Mr. Hamilton was with us and remained till the close of the prayer-meeting, and rejoiced with us over the soul saved.

Monday.—Anniversary Tea and Wind-Up meeting afterwards. Some $20.00 was cleared. Praise God!

Mrs. Pugmire and the little Pugmires sang for Jesus.

Proceeded Eastward and met Staff-Captain Gage at Moncton, who had spent the week-end there, and reported four at the penitent-form.

AMHERST. Spent Sunday night here. Met at the Station by the Band, who accompanied us to the Quarters. Had a magnificent open-air, where crowds of people stood by and listened intently to the story of Jesus.

SPRINGHILL. It was my privilege to conduct the funeral of our beloved Comrade, Bro. Seaman, who had been suddenly promoted to Glory. He left a glorious testimony behind him. We buried him with Salvation Army honors. The funeral was an impressive one. A young wife and three children mourned his loss. Pray for the bereaved ones.

Yours hard at work,

J. S. PUGMIRE.

GOD BLESS OUR EASTERNERS!

Capt. Forsyth. Capt. Johnston. Adjt. DesBrisay.
Staff-Capt. Gage. Major Pugmire. Capt. Smith.

(Photo taken at Bermuda.

Women's Social Work

IN OTTAWA.

Figures that Speak Volumes.

The following figures are the statistics of the work since its inception:

Ottawa Rescue Home and Children's Shelter, opened November 16th, 1894:

Children	71
No. sent to friends	36
No. sent to Homes	4
Died	6
Adopted	4
Home at present	21
Adults admitted	110
Sent to friends	57
Died	1

GREAT INSTALLATION DEMONSTRATION

By COLONEL JACOBS, Chief Secretary, of

BRIGADIER AND MRS. READ

AND

STAFF-CAPT. AND MRS. MINNICE

Thursday, June 10th.

All Headquarters Staff will be present.

UNITED SOLDIERS' MEETING

At LIPPINCOTT, 8th JUNE.

To the Officers, Soldiers, Recruits, Converts and Friends of the Central Ontario Province.

SPECIAL.

YOU WILL ALL HAVE HEARD by this time of our appointment by the Commissioner to the command of the Central Ontario Province, and in coming among you we shall endeavor to seek first and foremost the interests of God's Kingdom.

We begin our command with the blessed assurance that we are God-sent. This does and will give us power and assurance in coming into your midst. It is a blessed satisfaction for the leaders of God's own people to know that they are divinely commissioned by Him. This we are sure of, and shall therefore with confidence strive in every possible detail not only to please God and our dear Commissioner, but to spiritually help, bless and cheer our dear Officers, Soldiers and Recruits. Will you come to our assistance? You can all make the path so easy for us by:

1. Seeking solely the interests of God's Kingdom.

2. Devotedly doing the work to which God has called you.

3. Studying the interests of your new Provincial Officers by carrying the Spirit of Christ into every detail of your work.

We shall not be able to get to see you personally for some time to come, but we hope to as soon as possible. In the meantime, reckon on our standing by you. You can make our coming together a mighty blessing and success.

—Yours in His Service, J. READ, B. J. READ, Provincial Officers.

"One of Nature's Born Commanders."

Here is the way "The Canadian Statesman" refers to Miss Booth's Bowmanville meetings:

Commissioner Eva Booth honored the 27th Corps of the Salvation Army with a visit Sunday and held three successful meetings. Her addresses were earnest, forceful appeals to the unconverted. She is a fluent, logical speaker with a large measure of her father's energy and force of character—one of nature's born commanders. Physically Miss Booth is not apparently equal to the strain that must of necessity draw upon her system, but she does not save herself. Her audiences Sunday were very much impressed with her addresses, and many of our best citizens were in attendance.

The spectacle of Prize-Fighter Fitzsimmons being driven through the streets of New York in a carriage decorated with flowers is enough to cause the American eagle to shed tears of shame.—Spokane "Chronicle."

There are in the United States in round numbers, 17,000,000 members of Protestant churches—adults. In the United States there are twelve or thirteen hundred religious papers published.

BRAMPTON and GUELPH UNDER FIRE.

The Field Commissioner And Her Cycling Brigade ON THE WAR PATH.

The Mayor of Brampton Welcomes Our Leader—A Royal Reception to Guelph, the Royal City—Tremendous Crowds—Hundreds Turned Away—Souls.

The Meet.

At about 1 p. m. on Friday last, one would have noticed the mustering of a number of wheelmen about the Headquarters on Albert Street, Toronto. No need to ask what they were, for their dress clearly revealed their identity. No multi-colored tweeds, but the red, yellow and blue of the world-wide Salvation Army. Their wheels! Not a low-grade wheel among them. Their business and destination! That of all true blood and fire Salvationists—the glory of God and the Salvation of the lost.

The Start.

Prospects for the journey to Brampton, 28 miles distant, were not too bright, and there were ominous threatenings of a down-pour of rain. And so it proved, for when but a few miles out, the rain came down, and to make matters more unpleasant, the wind arose and faced us as if determined to hinder our progress. But Brampton was our destination, and for Brampton we went, and to Brampton we came, where a big meeting was announced for the evening, to be led by the Field Commissioner in person.

Brampton.

Previous to the meeting, the Staff Band went for a march and attracted large numbers by their spirited playing. The Barracks was soon filled with a thoroughly representative congregation. The Mayor, representing the town, and ministers of different denominations were present to afford a hearty welcome to our leader. There was also a large attendance of "our very own people," one poor fellow much the worse for drink declaring, "I like you people and believe in you." He, poor fellow, once held a position of trust and responsibility, but had lost all and had given way to sin, and yet through all "never ceased to hear the words of his mother's prayers ringing in his ears." God grant that they may be gloriously answered.

The Mayor, on behalf of the town, in words that had decidedly the right ring about them, cordially welcomed the Commissioner to Brampton. His allusion to our dearly loved General warmed the hearts of every Salvationist present.

The Commissioner's warm acknowledgement of the welcome accorded her and her Staff soon made her at home with the people. Little Willie and Pearl were next introduced, and by their singing still further captivated the hearts of the whole congregation. Who could resist them? When looking at these two dear little ones and noticing the effect their very appearance made upon the great crowd, one understands more clearly why the Great Teacher Himself "called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them," and proceeded to teach the assembled multitude one of the most sublime truths to be found in all the Bible. But our purpose in Brampton that night was not merely to please and interest, which fact was soon determined by the subject the Commissioner had chosen to speak upon,—"Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins."

* * * *

"His very name declares the purpose of His coming and the meaning of His dying. He came to save! Are you saved? You sing about Him—thank God; You read about Him—blessed be God! But this alone is of no avail. Have you read your Bibles to the Salvation of your souls? If not, let me assure you, in the language of God's own Word, "the letter killeth."

These and other words equally hot and burning fell from our leader's lips. Thank God for such a Gospel told with such intense earnestness and passionate utterance. The results of that meeting are not to be measured by what the eye can see, for assuredly such seed shall spring up and bear fruit, thirty, sixty, and a hundredfold to life everlasting.

* * * *

Leaving Brampton about 9.30, the Brigade shaped their course for Guelph—37 miles. Arrived at Guelph 5.15 p. m., and made ready at once for the commencement of the week-end's campaign. 7.30 march, headed by Staff Band to St. George's Square, where fully one thousand people gathered. The Band did themselves credit, their playing being greatly admired.

7.55. Off to Barracks for Musical Festival, conducted by the Chief Secretary. Good congregation; Band excelled themselves; people applauding.

9.15. Colonel Jacobs to the front, his favorite theme—Salvation. Great conviction; the truth went home. Faith for morrow high.

Sunday, 7 a. m. Quality, not quantity, was the distinguished feature of those present at knee-drill. All alive; sleep and drowsiness left at home. Prayed, sang, shouted, danced; the King was in the camp. Key-note for the day,—

"Prayer and faith will bring the victory
As we go marching on."

* * * *

11 a. m. Colonel in charge. Short, bright testimonies from Adjutants Morris and Creighton, and also Staff-Captain Turner, a capital story from whom shall be seen again. Colonel's talk on Titus II. 11-13 intensely practical. Now reasoning, now scathing, humor giving place to real heart earnestness. Visible result,—one soul seeking the full accomplishment of His purpose.

3 p. m. Commissioner on the bridge. Building packed to doors, hundreds turned away. This was a personal meeting.

"Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art blessing,
Do not pass me by."

So sang that great crowd.

* * * *

The "Glory soloist," Ensign Kenning, sang about the "happy day when the burden of his heart rolled away," and then little Willie and Pearl took the place by storm. Their little heaven-songs brought tears to many eyes. Then the Commissioner arose, sword in hand, to deal with that huge congregation.

"God always takes in the whole situation."

"No circumstance around any soul but God sees it."

"Men can see where they have stood and where they stand, but none ever yet saw where he might have stood."

"Multitudes looking for righteousness without being righteous."

* * * *

7.30 p. m. Barracks again gorged. Faith high. Confident of victory. "He will thy sins forgive," by Ensign Kenning, and "Why not to-night," sung by Dot, solemnized the hearts of those present.

The Commissioner, weak, yet bent on doing her utmost for the Salvation of the souls of that crowd, opened her Bible and read from Jeremiah xlii. 5. This proved to be a terrible time of question-asking. No avoiding the truth. It came straight; it came burning from the soul of the speaker. "When the very things for which you have sought are carried from you, how will thou do?"

"Are your circumstances favorable? Have you forgotten that God will call you to account as to the use you have made of them? They have led you to church to a seat in a pew, but have you let them help you to Jesus?"

"Shams always weary! It's in the very nature of man to want reality!"

"Are you trusting to your reputation? Without God it is but the shell without the kernel—clothes without a person—paper without parrel."

"Nothing can avail, neither wealth, nor profession, nor intellect,—nothing! nothing!! NOTHING but the washing away of sin in the Blood of the Lamb."

"Who'll be the first to seek it to-night, and seek it now?"

* * * *

Desperate fighting during prayer-meeting. Staff-Band fishing in grand style, Adjutants McAmmond, Creighton and other Officers fighting nobly. The Colonel in terrible earnest. "The devil thinks he is going to have things all his own way, but he is not." The first soul is at the penitent-form, shortly followed by a poor backslider, who had wandered for five years. Victory was ours, and we rejoiced. Yet another came after a hard struggle. Glory be to the Lamb! 'Twas almost a pity that such scenes as this should end. Rejoicing, shouting, dancing, we concluded the meeting, singing,—

"Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my Lord;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood."

The Commissioner prayed, petitioning for grace and strength for her Officers and Soldiers, and commending them all to Him who is able to keep that which we commit unto Him. Thus closed one of the most glorious week-ends that the Royal City has seen for years.

H. K.

Peterboro J. S. Local Officers, with Adjt. and Mrs. Wiseman in Command.

Sergt. Dickison. Sergt. Redner. Mrs. Wiseman. Adjt. Wiseman. Sergt. Wainwright. Sergt. Smith. Sergt -Major Comstock. Sergt. Butcher. Sergt. Thompson. Sergt. Lang. Essie Law. Sergt. Bacon.

NOTES.

Captain O'Neil had a nice supper ready for us when we got to Brampton. We enjoyed it immensely.

The Commissioner is a skilled rider and can hold her own with some of the male members of the brigade when it comes to speed and hill-climbing.

A professor of music, who stood amongst the hundreds of people around the open-air ring on Saturday night, said: "That's what you might call a band!"

Ensign Turpin started to ride a wheel on the afternoon of May 24th, and started on a 37-mile run on the following Friday, and did it, too. We think he's a hero.

A certain Staff Officer of the Brigade took a tumble into a ditch with enough water in it to give him a good wetting, much to the amusement of the party.

Oh, how it rained when we had got a few miles out of Toronto. So much mud got on our wheels that we had to take sticks and scrape it off before we could proceed.

"The roads are impassable," said one of the party, who, in company with another, had gone a couple of miles out. We started, however, and made splendid time, the roads drying up as we went along. We did the whole distance—close on to seventy miles—in about seven hours.

DICK.

MIXTURES.

Brigadier Howell and Staff-Captain Watson left on Friday for Spokane.

The latest bike riders are Brigadier Read, and Ensigns Shea and Turpin.

Adjutant Hughes, of the Barrie District, reports Recruits to enroll at every Corps.

Brigadier Margetts is steadily improving in health. Mrs. Margetts is much exhausted still.

Our issue of May 31st registered on the Boomers' List forty War Cry-sellers who belong to East Ontario Province.

West Ontario Province is aiming at raising 100 bona fide Blood and Fire Candidates during the next six months.

The series of farewell meetings in London have been a great blessing, and have made a good impression on the City.

Staff-Captain Cowan has commenced the formation of a library for the use of the girls in the London Rescue Home.

The new Staff Officers' Cap is a beauty, and few Field Staff who came up to Headquarters on a visit return without one.

People at Newmarket attended a "Saved Drunkards' Demonstration," who were never known to attend our meetings before.

Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargrave have arrived at the Temple from Kingston, and in a few days will be "hard at it" in a new role.

Upon the body of a poor man murdered in South Africa was found a copy of the War Cry which he had purchased the same day.

Adjutant Hunter still remains very sick, and Ensigns Green, McKenzie and Raynor for the same reason have been unable to proceed to their appointments.

The latest Pacific Coast Cry reproduces our recent frontispiece, "Cornered," as a full front page. The superior paper used brings up the cut in splendid style.

"I am my own boss in a sin-damned world," said Brother Duncan, of Riverside, speaking of his power over himself and sin through the power of Christ.

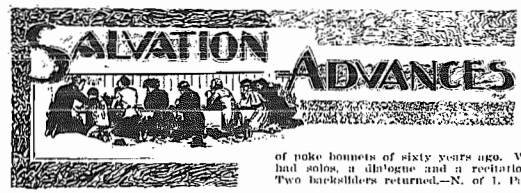
CAPTAIN AND MRS. FISHER.—There arrived at the home of our Comrades a young daughter. Both mother and child are doing well. The Captain is appointed to Scarforth.

A TESTIMONY FROM BRIGADIER READ:—Oh, how God has helped me in my sheer weakness and inability! I am weak, but I am strong."—Extract from private letter.

"What's the matter with Commissioner Booth?" queried some one on the street, who had just heard Miss Booth speak at the Massey Hall. "She's alright," came the answer, instantly.

A speaker at a Sunday Car meeting in Toronto said the Salvation Army makes more noise on Sunday than the street cars, when a voice responded, "The Salvation Army is alright, let it alone."

The Chancellor of West Ontario has gone into the figures of every Officer in the Province since the farewell, and is pleased to note that nearly every Officer's work shows up very favorably. To God be the glory!



Wabpeton, N.D.

Two precious souls won from the enemy on Sunday night. We are on the upgrade.—Lieutenant S. A. Siverts for Captain Wilkins.

Sunbury.

Five precious souls captured from the devil's service last week. Converts keeping good, and soldiers doing their best
C. Statu, Captain.

Dillon.

We are marching on to victory here in Dillon. God has helped us in the past week. The crowds are not very big as yet, but we are holding on to God.
M. A. Wale.

Rat Portage.

Lieutenant Jackson farewelled and Captain McKay has come in her place. We are still in for victory. Two souls in the Fountain last night . Glory be to God !
A. Graham, Lieutenant.

Hespeler.

Sunday last, the devil disgusted ; good crowds ; Crys sold out ; two backsliders saved. Soldiers dancing ; some who got disgusted, afterwards danced themselves.
Captain W. Huntington.

Three Reports.

From three reports from Mandon we learn Brigadier Bennett has been there. Captain Westacott says the people are very kind. Sergeant-Major Mitchell reports one soul.

Listowell.

We said good-bye to our old Officers and welcomed Captain McDonald. We intend in God's strength to pull down the strongholds of Satan and build up God's Kingdom.—E. M. Archer, Reg. Cor.

Paris.

Celebrated the Queen's Birthday by having four open-airs. Father Axton said he had been loyal to the Queen and the King of kings ever since he was a young man. Soldiers getting into uniform.

Valley City.

We have had a visit from Brigadier Bennett. The previous day we drove to Sandstone for a meeting, but on account of the storm it was cancelled.—Lieutenant E. Kennie for Captain and Mrs. O'Neil.

Edmonton.

Satan's stronghold is starting to break. Thank God for victory ! After toiling for a long time without any souls, we had the joy of seeing two backsliders come out to the penitent-form.
H. Kreiger, Cor.

Trenton.

We are still pressing on, having untold victories in our souls. Just had a financial advance, and the Siege-enrolled Soldiers are doing well. Another enrolment shortly. Keeping up the Siege.
A. E. W. Coate, Captain.

Gananoque.

Off 6 a. m. for Kingston to hear that wonderful couple, Major and Mrs. Gaskin, going well blessed and expect to be better before our return. Praise God for one soul in the Fountain last night !
J. T. Funnell, Reg. Cor.

Fargo N.D.

One soul sought and found the Saviour on Monday night. Had a good time ; wound the meeting up with a Hallelujah march around the hall. To God be all the glory !—Annie Lindborg for Ensign A. Thomas.

Grand Forks, N.D.

Many kind words of welcome spoken. Attendance first week, 1,361 ; second week, 1,239. We have moved into a new hall, which saved $15 per month rent. We took part in the funeral of a Lieutenant on the American side.—A. Goodwin, Adjt.

Victory for Regina.

In the past three weeks we have had the joy of pointing nine precious souls to the Cross. During the farewell we had special meetings, led by Officers who were passing through. Blessed us very much.
E. S. P., Reg. Cor.

Grafton, N.D.

The meeting on Wednesday was in old of Quarters' furnishings. We got them all but the tin dipper. Father Cook spoke of poke bonnets of sixty years ago. We had solos, a dialogue and a recitation. Two backsliders returned.—N. of I. Pat.

Berlin.

We are glad to tell you that the soldiers and friends gave us a good reception, both at the Station and Barracks on our arrival in this town. Also the Lord has rewarded us during the past week by giving us eight seekers for pardon.
Captain A. D. Slote.

Missoula, Mont.

It has been some time since you heard anything from these parts, but since last report there have been six souls captured from the devil's stronghold. Ensign Barr was with us, and we had Magic Lantern Service on Tuesday evening, showing the life of Billy McLeod.—J. H. Frost, Reg. Cor.

Strathroy.

After knocking about for nearly four months, my lot has been cast in Strathroy. We have had a week of real victory. Two wanderers have returned to the fold. We are looking forward in faith for a time of glorious victory the next few weeks. War Crys all sold out Saturday night.—C. Jarvis, Captain.

Leamington.

After a long fight, our Officers, Captain Fell and Lieutenant Ogilvie have gone. Last Saturday and Sunday we welcomed our new Officers, Captain and Mrs. Payton, also Lieutenant Mumford. We had a blessed time Saturday and Sunday. We are sure of victory. I hear rumors of a Brass and String Band.
Mrs. S. Rutledge.

Peterboro.

Sunday we had with us Staff-Captain and Mrs. Rawling. He is an old friend of the Peterboro Comrades. Although the day was wet, we had a good day to our souls. While the sun outside was hid under the rain-clouds, we thank God that the Sun of Righteousness was shining in our hearts. Hallelujah ! Yours happy in Jesus.—Sergeant May Lang.

Campbellton, N.B.

Ensign Pugh, our District Officer, has visited us. The meetings on Sunday were good and well attended. Tuesday night was a special time ; the programme was a beautiful one,—Supper, Children's Jubilee and Enrolment of Recruits. As a result of the past winter's work, five sound converts have taken their stand to live for God and souls.—W. S.

Herring Neck, Nfld.

There have been some desperate sinners saved and made happy, and there have been some Soldiers enrolled, and there are others waiting for the time to come to get beneath the good old Army flag. We have had to enlarge our platform, and it is far too small to hold the people, and they say it will have to be made larger, so if we can get all platform it will be good.—Lieutenant P. Oxford.

Little Glace Bay, C.B.

For a whole week this Corps has been minus the Lieutenant ! Wonder if she's lost, stolen or strayed ? Victory is still crowning our efforts, even though we are short-handed. Hallelujah ! Sunday night, Captain McLean, ably assisted by the notorious and only original "Happy Jim," officered an assault upon the enemy's lines, said assault creating a panic in which we captured one prisoner. Glory to God !—J. McVicar, Soldier.

Richmond St.

We celebrated the 24th of May with the Comrades at Lisgar Street. We had Brothers Brandon and Duncan Sunday afternoon. At night, Brother Brandon spoke on the faithful saying. He said Christ was no house-breaker ; He standed and knocked. A Comrade from the States told of his wonderful conversion. This Brother is a G. T. R. despatcher. They are going to be Soldiers. Our motto for this Corps is "Nile Desperandum."
William Lowis.

St Catharines.

Brigadier and Mrs. Coughlin, with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Hargrave, conducted the Saturday, Sunday and Monday meetings at St. Catharines. Good meetings. Much cold rain. Great alarm on Monday night, when a burglar was captured in Sergeant Beale's house. Mrs. Hargrave was billeted with Mrs. Beale, and the two were so alarmed that they left the house to Staff-Captain Hargrave and Sergeant Beale, and went to sleep at a neighbour's. Ensign Attwell bears up well. Wedding is all the talk.

Galt.

On Sunday night we had about three hours' and forty minutes' touch fighting, but, thanks be to God, we had the joy of seeing four poor sinners at the feet of Jesus. On Monday, being the 24th, Captain Huntington and the Comrades from Hespeler came over and helped us. We had an open-air in the afternoon. The devil didn't like it at all ; he kicked, but we stood on our ground and fired away at him—Ensign W. Orchard and Lieutenant P. Gatzkes.

Lisgar St.

Another day of victory. Up-to-date Blood and Fire meetings ; grand marches ; opened our Sunday afternoon open-air meetings at Shaw's Grove. Thirty-seven Soldiers at knee-drill ; forty-two on march morning, Brigadier Read leading. Afternoon Company meetings at the corner of the street, with a grand, soul-inspiring march, which opened the eyes of people, who saw seventy-four Soldiers of the Corps marching on to glory ; total on march all day, 165. Four Juniors got saved at night also.—S. McFarland, Cor.

Windsor, N.S.

We can once again report victory from Windsor. The past winter has been one of power. Many souls have been saved, especially since the Siege began. Had a Spiritual Spelling-Match, which attracted a large crowd. The meeting was very interesting, and went with a swing. One Comrade who was to spell "Solomon," being a little mixed, spelt "somp" instead. No doubt he was thinking of eatables at the time. We have learnt to love our Officers very much, and are looking forward to a Summer of victory. Friends are delighted with the Cry, especially last week's.—Sergt.-Major B. Smith.

Montreal II.

Our brand new Brigadier, with his most popular String Band, has again visited us. Considering the number of special meetings of late, and the admission fee of ten cents, the people turned out very well. Very sorry to lose our Chancellor, Staff-Captain Hargrave. He has won the love and admiration of the people down this way. Welcome to Staff-Captain Rawling. Having 6.30 a. m. prayer-meetings for Soldiers going to work ; 12 (noon) open-airs for G. T. R. men, 7.30 open-airs on commons, besides ordinary meetings.—T. A. Magee, Adjutant.

Saved Beside a Tree.

TRITON, NFLD.—We are rising. Though a small place, our numbers are swelling. During the past four months thirty-two souls have knelt at the Cross and professed Salvation. Also twenty-eight have enlisted under the glorious Army flag. During the past week, six have deserted the ranks of the devil. Sunday, at knee-drill, two souls ; one received pardon, while the other left without the witness, but not to give up, for on Tuesday, in the woods beside a tree, he was made a new man, praising God. He fights as a Recruit in our ranks. One in the afternoon and one at night.
L. Shephard, Captain.

In Jail 20 Days with Hard Labor.

VICTORIA, B. C.—For over a week announcements had been made to the effect that on Thursday night the meeting would be led by a real ex-convict, dressed in prison garb. The interesting personage was no other than Captain May, who spoke for an hour on the practical the pathetic and the ludicrous, as experienced inside prison walls while doing "twenty days with hard labor," for the serious offence of marching in the streets with the Salvation Army. At the week-end we had Captain and Mrs. Manley, of Santa Barbara, Cal., en route to Manitoba for a furlough. On Monday night the subject was "Gospel in chemistry," and the meeting was profitable as well as interesting.—A. E. T.

Joe Beef's - Montreal IV.

Wednesday night we had a grand open-air meeting at 7.30 p. m., led by Mrs. Ensign Ross. The testimonies from those that once were deep-dyed sinners, and who are now by God's saving and keeping grace, sober and honest men, God did much bless. The solo, "The Army's Red and Blue," by Sister Hilts, (Mrs. Ensign Ross' sister) went well. The indoor meeting at 8 p. m., in which we welcomed Captain Wilson, was a blessed time. Oh, you should hear the boys sing "Down at the Saviour's feet," and "How I love Jesus." God bless our Lighthouse lads ! they have good hearts. The straightforward talk from Mrs. Ensign Ross did its work, and at the close, three clear men come to Jesus. To God be all the glory ! —Mrs. Biltch, for Mrs. Ensign Ross.

A "Sharp" Brigadier Who Doesn't Play in "Flats"—Sammy Blackburn in His "Natural" Style.

The East Ontario String Band has just finished a trip around the Sherbrooke District. It has been a success in every way. They were in the district one month, and in that time they visited twenty cities, villages and towns, and held fifty meetings. They play, they pray, they sing to bring the sinners in. Many souls have been saved, and hundreds have been blessed. Brigadier Sharp is with the Band. I am sure he doesn't play in flats. Up to the times. I said good-bye at Richmond. They had not received any orders to go to England to play at the Queen's Jubilee, but I guess they will have a jubilee in Quebec and Montreal.—S. Blackburn, Adjutant.

Peterboro.

Hallelujah ! Monday night, the 24th of May, was a Musical meeting. Good meetings all week, also all day Sunday. God blessed our souls.—Sergt. May Lang.

Seaforth.

Since coming to Seaforth we have had some beautiful meetings and two souls. Sunday night, the Barracks was filled with good, attentive hearers. Prospects good.—Captain and Mrs. Wm. Fisher.

Grafton N.D.

Meetings good all day Sunday. One soul out for sanctification in the morning and another for Salvation in the afternoon, for which we give God all the glory.
Lieut. Alice Pierce for Ensign Hayes.

Missoula, Mont.

On Friday night we had three precious souls out for Salvation. On Saturday night we had an Ice-Cream Supper, which netted us twenty-three dollars. On Sunday night, Captain Stevens and Lieutenant Southall, who were with us about two months, farewelled.
J. H. Frost, Reg. Cor.

Oakes, N.D.

We had Brigadier Bennett with us for three nights. God's power was felt among the unsaved, when three souls sought and found the sinner's Saviour. Although the weather was very warm, it did not hinder the people from coming to the hall and those that could not get in stood at the door.—Captain Charlton, Lieutenant Barrager.

Bloomfield, Ont.

Ensign McHarg was heartily welcomed here on the 25th, accompanied by Captain Williams and Lieutenant Gibson, of Deseronto, also Captain Hill and Captain Milsom, with the Picton Band. The Ensign spoke with much feeling, while backsliders and sinners bowed their heads with regret.—Captain Peter Kirkwood.

Brantford.

We arrived a few days ago in this beautiful city. Received a warm welcome from our Comrades, and found a host of kind friends. A treat to sell Crys. One man said, "I cannot get on without the War Cry, it is just the Bible reprobased." Adjutant away yesterday, but God was very present, and gave us eight souls. Two for a clean heart, and six at night for Salvation. One of these an ex-Officer.
Mrs. Adjutant Creighton.

Helena, Mont.

We've been in the Army so long, and we ain't got weary yet. Two souls for the week. Big Ice-Cream and Cake blow-out Saturday. $31.00 clear-up, and then run out of material. Could have served twenty-five more if we had had the cake. Junior Soldiers booming right along. You can look out for them to startle the Territory soon. Our Sankey (Ensign Fitzpatrick) is on an evangelizing trip in Eastern Montana. Talk about Sankey and Moody. Say, they ain't in it ! Well—scissors.—Rogers.

16 Miles on a Bike to Knee-Drill.

PICTON.—One brother came sixteen miles on a bicycle to knee-drill and was the first one there. He enjoyed the meeting very much (God bless him !) We wish that other Comrades who live near by were as anxious to get to knee-drill. Monday, the 24th, Ice-Cream Social. We had with us our new District Officer, Ensign McHarg, also Officers from Deseronto and "Peter, a servant of God," from Bloomfield. Open-air meeting in the afternoon, followed by a lively meeting at night. Everybody enthusiastic, especially when the time came for the ice-cream and cake to be served.—M. Hill, S. Milsom.

Vancouver, B.C.

We celebrated the Queen's Birthday by holding a great picnic at Brereton Point, a lovely spot just outside the City. New Westminster Comrades came over for the day and helped well. The combined bands were a great attraction. We sold ten gallons of ice-cream, beside all the lunches and fruit we had, and cleared a nice sum towards our gas bill, etc. In the evening, a big crowd on the street gave us a good collection, and repeated the dose inside. Meeting boiled over from beginning to end. Westminster folks well to the front with solos, etc. Captain Stalkers—fat and flourishing as ever—read the lesson and gave us his blessing, and at ten o'clock we were glad to get home to rest, having been hard at work since before 5 a. m. We are now looking for the new Provincial Officer, and will give him a red-hot welcome.
Mrs. Adjutant Phillips.

We can never understand the Gospel till we learn it by heart.

[SERIAL STORY.]

— THE —

Sign of the Cross.

Chapter IV.—A Serious Discussion.

WHEN A SCOTCHMAN sets to arguing about religion with a glass of whiskey in his hand, it will be granted that there is no lack of spirit to the discussion. This was so, anyhow, in the theological contest which began in our last chapter between Sim—the Gamaliel of Aberhaven—and Richard Winter, the pride of jouroalism in that district, Sim flushed with rage at the mention of a religion with a Cross in it.

"Why? Why?" enquired the young man of the old man.

"The Cross, sir," spoke the authority, "is the modern substitute for idols, and if The Salvation Army brings into the town such a relic of soperstition and paganism, I will not auswer for the consequences."

"You misapprehend my meaning entirely, Sim," said Winter. "I wished to infer that a religion which had no cross in it—no trial, no self-denial, nothing which led its devotees to become poor in order to make others rich, or humble to make others good—possessed no more vitality; and that, so far as I had observed, I have yet to see the church or the man who acts up to that standard from religious conviction."

"You speak as if you had turned religious yourself," interrupted the coal merchant in a rather melancholy voice.

Rivals.

"Oh," said young Joshua Wilson, with a touch of acidity in his language, "he has renewed the acquaintance of the fair ———"

But he did not conclude the sentence. Richard Winter, supported by the unanimous groans of the company—the impartial proprietor was silent on such occasions—approached Wilson, and hot with indignation, shouted, "Mention that name, sir, in this company, and I will not answer for the consequences."

Wilson answered with a frown.

"No rivalry, gentlemen," whispered Geddes, by way of throwing oil upon the troubled waters. A row was evidently brewing. Although well meant, neither the tender attempts at reconciliation which followed, by Geddes, nor the masterly rebukes of Sim, calmed the tempest created by Joshua Wilson's indiscreet remark, for it was well-known to the whole of Aberhaven by this time that Miss Anderson had "given up" Dick Winter because of his religious or non-religious belief. Without such sensational incidents, however, Aberhaven would be dreadfully dull. Then, we may as well state here that common gossip ascribed to Wilson the design of taking the place vacated by Winter.

Be that as it may, the tone of the discussion in the back parlour of the "Bull" Inn was undoubtedly aggravated by the above incident, and was not at all helped by Geddes pronouncing Winter's definition of religion beyond human attainment.

No Necessity for Martyrs.

"That is what I contend," remarked Winter, after Geddes had made the observation. "You are coming round to my conclusion."

"Eh, man!" Geddes said, "I'll never recant from the faith!"

"That makes no difference," replied Winter. "If your Faith or Creed is unattainable, what better are you for having one?"

Here Sim—measuring at once the effect of such a damaging question—took up the cudgels by asserting that "Faith in an ideal was, of itself, purifying and ennobling; but apart from that, sir, let me remind you of the Reformers and the martyrs."

"Well, Sim, but you will not deny that there were martyrs on the other side as well. But even if I grant you that the martyrs are favorable to your view, my point is that we do not see the spirit of martyrdom nowadays."

"Oh, laddie, laddie!" said Sims, a patronizing smile adorning his features, "there's no the same necessity for it noo-adays." (Be it observed that Sim always ran into his native dialect when he wanted to be humorous.)

"Certainly," joined the proprietor-chairman, filling up Sim's glass. "These are the days of County Councils, Parochial Boards, Harbor Trusts, and Compulsory Education."

"And what of that? Is the world—aye, is Aberhaven—less wicked, cruel, selfish and immoral for them all?"

No one for a moment daring to reply, Winter proceeded: "I think you know me and my views well enough to believe that I have no sympathy with what are called orthodox ideas; but this Salvation Army is either the biggest piece of religious humbug of the century, or it is one of the mightiest factors in reforming the masses. I suggest, however, that we suspend our judgment of it till we see it. And what do you say to the entire company devoting Sunday afternoon to a study of this organization?"

"A capital idea," immediately replied Sim.

"Very fair," remarked Geddes.

"Good! Good! Good!" cried Joshua Wilson.

"And," half-chuckled the proprietor, "if you should desire facilities for an exchange of notes on this important topic, this parlour is at your disposal either on the Sunday or the Monday night."

(To be Continued).

Central Ontario's Farewell

TO ITS P. O. AND CHANCELLOR, BRIGADIER HOWELL AND STAFF-CAPT. WATSON.

They came from the north, south, east and west of the Queen City to bid God-speed to their departing leaders. But their anxiety to see the last of their dearly loved Comrades did not prevent Soldiers and Officers mustering in large numbers at the corner of Richmond and York for a rousing open-air meeting, led by their District Officer and a new Chancellor, Staff-Captain Minniee, around which a great crowd thronged listening to the songs and testimonies of that band of happy, singing, blood-washed Salvationists. The Staff Band had turned out almost to a man, to give the Brigadier and his Chancellor a send-off, and their playing in the open-air seemed to act as an eye-opener to many whose only conception of Salvation Army music had hitherto been the banging of a drum, the jingle of a tambourine, or the blaring of an aged and much ill-used cornet. Thank God for music, and what is even better still, for well-saved musicians.

* * * *

The Jubilee Hall was crowded almost to excess, in addition to which no small congregation gathered outside the windows which had been opened for ventilation.

Brigadier Complin was in charge of the proceedings inside, which fact might well suffice to satisfy even the most difficult to please that we were in for a good time. The meeting was set a-swinging with the old war-song:

* * * *

"Come, join our Army, to battle we go."

A greater portion of those present had joined the Army, and sang as if they were glad of it.

After prayer, led by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Brigadier Howell, and the singing of that well-known song petition:

"O, Thou God of every nation,
We now for Thy blessing call,"

Brigadier Complin read the 4th chapter of 2nd Corinthians, beautifully appropriate for our departing Comrades.

* * * *

Quite an interesting feature of the meeting was the relating how and under what circumstances, Brigadier Complin had just made the acquaintance of the Central's old P. O. and Chancellor. While travelling in the Old Country with one of the Cavalry Forts (which were used for village warfare) Lieutenant Howell had come to the rescue with a party of Comrades, and with a cheery "now lads, pray and push," lifted the old Fort out of the ruts and helped to bring it to its destination. The same motto, "pray and push," had stood him in good stead in all the years of warfare ever since.

Lieutenant Watson had distinguished himself in the old days of riot at Leicester, when, rather than lose the colors, he wrapped them round his body, and so saved them from falling into the hands of the riotous crowd. Faithfulness to the same colors had characterized him during his lengthy experience as a Field Officer, he being one of the oldest in the Dominion.

Praising God for his experience at Headquarters and declaring himself better for having known his Headquarters Comrades, he was going out West, "not with pick and shovel," but to know nothing among men but God and the Army, which was enough for him.

* * * *

Brigadier Howell recounted the victories achieved during his command of the Central, and giving God the glory, declared his intention of going to Spokane "to be an American to the Americans, a Canadian to the Canadians, and Christ to all." God bless you, Brigadier!

Mrs. Brigadier Howell and Mrs. Staff-Captain Watson also spoke helpful and encouraging words that will long be remembered by the friends and comrades present.

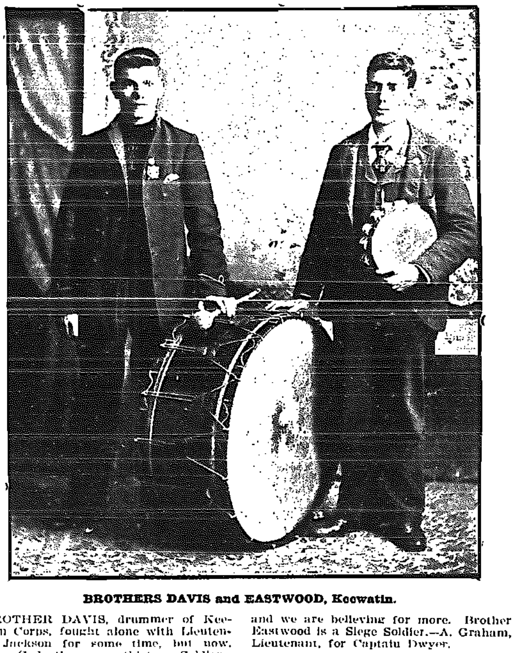
* * * *

The proceedings closed with a few words from Adjutants Dodd, Manton, Byers, and the whole congregation joined in singing the beautiful farewell song,—

"God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsel guide, uphold you;
'Neath His wings securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again."

Let every Comrade say "Amen!"

H. K.



BROTHERS DAVIS and EASTWOOD, Keewatin.

BROTHER DAVIS, drummer of Keewatin Corps, fought alone with Lieutenant Jackson for some time, but now, praise God, there are thirteen Soldiers, and we are believing for more. Brother Eastwood is a Siege Soldier.—A. Graham, Lieutenant, for Captain Dwyer.

IMPERIAL CITY'S SPECIAL EFFORT

For Women's Social Work.

$500 for the Army A Generous Circle of King's Daughters Drawing Room Meeting Three at the Cross—W.C.T.U. President.

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

MY FIRST CALL in Ottawa took me through one of the most charming and picturesque scenes I have ever witnessed. Rockcliff Park is perfectly lovely. A short time ago the shadow of death hung over a beautiful home there. Miss McKinnon, who was away from home at the time of her death, had for a long time taken a practical interest in our Rescue Work, repeatedly helping our Ottawa Home.

Mrs. Keiffer received us kindly and gave us the information that her daughter, Miss McKinnon, had left a very substantial proof of her sympathy with the Army's work, bequeathing five hundred dollars to the local work, two hundred and fifty to the Corps, and two hondred and fifty to the Rescue Home. This kind generosity on the part of the deceased lady has lifted a heavy burden from the hearts of our devoted Officers in the Imperial City. How true the Word: "BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHICH DIE IN THE LORD; THEY DO REST FROM THEIR LABORS AND THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM."

'Twas an inspiring sight which met our eyes as we marched up to the open-air stand on Saturday. A large crowd had congregated.

"They always wait for us," said Ensign Kerr. They listened intently and drank in every word.

* * * *

As this is not a regular report, but a few notes of interest concerning my visit to Ottawa, I will pass over the hearty welcome of the Saturday night and the blessed Holiness Meeting, to speak of the great interest manifested by the audience of Sunday afternoon in the Women's Social work.

* * * *

Two services were on the program for Sunday evening. Rev. Mr. Winters, of the West End Methodist Church, had arranged for an address on the Rescue Work during his evening service.

There was a splendid audience present—400 or 500, I think—and they manifested deep interest in all that was said.

Books were promised at the close for the Home Library, which was considered a good innovation. The choir sang heartily, "Rescue the perishing," as the congregation dispersed.

* * * *

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a good crowd waited at the Barracks. As we entered, Ensign Kerr and Captain French had their attention riveted while they sang, "Is that you, Jesus, is that you that is knocking at the door?"

The people were delighted with little Lorne's singing, and gave a voluntary offering for the Rescue Home. They sat without an interruption till 9.45 listening to the Truth.

The chief note of interest for the War Cry for the 24th is that we had an enjoyable tea and meeting in the Rescue Home. Three inmates knelt at the Cross.

* * * *

Tuesday was a busy day. In addition to correspondence, there were some business people to be called upon.

The Mayor was visited and receivd us graciously, saying, in reply to our request that if we make application, our chances for obtaining a Municipal grant the next time appropriations to public charities are made will be good.

The Government Statistician was most kind in giving us information we desired from him.

* * * *

For the afternoon, Mrs. Ayeling had arranged a meeting of the leading Christian ladies of the city. Mrs. Ayeling's drawing-room ws well-filled. Mrs. Gordon, President of the W. C. T. U., presided, and spoke very touchingly of her visit to the Rescue Home, and the spotless condition of the little ones. The ladies' sympathy was of a practical character, for they promised articles of furniture, of which we are in need of in the Home, one lady saying that her Circle of King's Daughters—the Faithful Circle—would send a dozen chairs.

The Home for old people was visited after the drawing-room meeting by the kind permission of Miss Horne, the Superintendent.

The old ladies were deeply touched by Lorne's singing.

This Home is one of the four institutions in the Imperial City that our dear League of Mercy workers visit, and the inmates expressed their great pleasure in the visits of Mrs. Denison and Mrs. Webber.

* * * *

Our final gathering was in the Temple. League of Mercy was the subject. One of the Soldiers, in speaking, desired me to convey to our dear Commissioner the fact that she had no more loyal, devoted and loving Soldiers than her Soldiers of the Ottawa Corps.

A hearty volley greeted this message. I quite endorse it. The dear Comrades were very earnest and responsive, and their deep interest and the hearty co-operation of the District Officer and Captain French will not soon be obliterated from my memory. Adjutant Ward and her assistants have done a noble work in Ottawa.

DAD SLOSS,

. . Convict.

A STORY OF THE PRISON GATE HOME.

CHAPTER II.

A Child of the State.

Archibald Sloss began his prison career at sixteen years of age. There was nothing extraordinary about this! He had been in training as a law-breaker from his cradle, and now the boy-criminal stood on the threshold of a new experience, cunning beyond his years, resolute and defiant against all moral discipline and order.

If the veil of the future could have been lifted for one moment to his gaze, surely the sight of a law-breaker writhing on the flogging triangle 'neath the leaden knots of the "cat," would have struck terror into his young heart; but, like to-morrow, the future never comes, and in the abstract, to his sanguine nature, it only spelled success.

"Risk nothing, gain nothing," was his motto, and the excitement and the fascination of a life of crime and adventure became the lust and the overpowering passion of his heart and soul.

Archie Sloss, with the family into which he had been adopted, got arrested on a charge of house-breaking in the West-end of Glasgow. Several houses in this part of the town had been broken into about this period, and the authorities had exercised special vigilance with a view of running down the offenders. The prisoners were sent for trial to the Quarter Sessions, and found guilty. The father and mother of the family were sentenced to penal servitude for life and transportation, the two sons and daughters fifteen years and transportation.

Archie Sloss, seven years!

This was his first sentence. He was sent to Millbank, London, for three months, after which he was transferred to Woolwich, a convict depot at this time. Here he was mixed up with three hundred convicts, some of them "lifers," and his association with these men only helped to harden his heart and strengthen his determination to devote all the energies of his body and mind to a life of crime.

He got on very well, was cheerful and took his imprisonment in good part. Remorse of conscience was an unknown quantity of the whole of his constitution.

The Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule he had never once heard of.

He was a White Heathen—

pure, unadulterated heathen.

Part of his duty was to empty barges on the river, and in addition to his food he was allowed a pint of beer each day. Three years and six months he served out of his sentence of seven years, and was discharged on ticket-of-leave. He went home to Glasgow, and another family of thieves wanted to adopt him.

"Oh, no; certainly not!" said the young man decidedly, "I've had a first-class apprenticeship, and I'm going to start on my own book. I'm going to set up in business as a scientific housebreaker and safe-cracker. This is to be the business of my life. I'm going to be a grand success, and shall live on the fat of the land, and burglary shall be the pleasure and the business of my life."

What this pleasurable business brought him, the reader will see. With the £6 or £7 gratuity he received from the Government on his discharge he bought a set of burglar's tools!

During the next four months, Archie Sloss went ahead, breaking into where he liked and where he would.

The temporary success that attended his crimes made him more and more desperate and fearless. He took a positive pleasure in passing beneath the very eyes of detectives, disguised so ingeniously as to avoid suspicion.

One day he was a pious-looking minister; another day he was a wretched-looking beggar; or, a laborer out of work. Sometimes he was a venerable gentleman, with a white beard; at other times a beardless youth seeking a situation.

He loved his unlawful business for the pleasure and the excitement it afforded him. All fear of arrest wore off, and he grew reckless and careless, so careless, in fact, that he was caught in the very act of house-breaking. He was sent for trial at the Circuit Court, and found guilty. The previous conviction was brought up against him.

"On account of your youth," said the Judge,

"I Will Give You Another Chance,

and deal leniently with you. You are sentenced to seven years again."

"Thank you, sir!" responded the young criminal. "That's a splendid chance! Ah, well, I suppose it's just my luck. However, sir, when I come out again, I'll turn to Scotland, and walk all over your house some dark midnight and help myself to what I like. Ta, ta."

"Archie Sloss, Seven Years."

Archie Sloss was sent to Millbank again for three months, and thence to Woolwich.

"Hollon, back again," the chaplain exclaimed.

"Yes, sir," said Archie, "but only for a week or two. Don't think I'll stop very long. Lot of low fellows here. And you, sir, excuse me telling you, sir, but your face worries me."

Archie's sanguine temperament rose beyond his circumstances, and conceived in his mind a plan of escape.

To disarm suspicion he assumed a humble disposition, and became particularly good in his demeanor. The chaplain thought it was a genuine case of repentance.

One night there was a convict missing from Woolwich penal establishment. It was Archie Sloss, No. 257. He had escaped, and got clean away, disguised in a warder's private suit, which he had stolen! (To be Continued).

GUELPH NOTES

Picked Up in Connection with Brigadier Read and Specials' Visit.

There were nearly forty Salvationists on the march Sunday afternoon.

"If you get filled with God, you can live among devils."—Adjutant Creighton.

Captain Wakefield, the Commanding Officer, was born on the Queen's Birthday.

Guelph has two "cupboard" Sergeants, who look after the larder of the Officers' Quarters.

Twenty Juniors stood on the front seat on Sunday afternoon and sang, "No, we never will give in."

Brigadier Read said he got a clean heart ten years ago, and it has been getting cleaner every day since then.

Brother Gordon, who got saved the first Sunday night after the opening of the Corps, lives out his Salvation in the machine shop.

Captain and Mrs. Wakefield are much loved by all good people, and have done a noble work. God has set His seal upon their efforts.

Treasurer Cranfield, of the Temple Corps, danced for the first time in his Salvation Army history at Guelph, and got up into the third heaven.

Adjutant Creighton, the District Officer, paid his first official visit to the Corps. He told us he got sanctified at the old Bowling Alley, St. John, N. B.

Adjutant McAmmond and his Tent Brigade were with us. The Adjutant took the "grip" while we were there, and only attended one or two meetings.

Sergeant-Major McCartney, of the Temple Corps, was a Soldier at Guelph thirteen years ago. He had a royal time at the Royal City on the Queen's Birthday.

Peacock, McCartney and Cranfield, from the Temple, distinguished themselves with their eloquent sermons and Blood and Fire ditoes, both in the open-air and Barracks.

The Brigadier gave his extraordinary "life experience" to an extraordinary big crowd of extraordinary Guelphites on Monday night. It was extraordinarily interesting.

Guelph people love the Army, and they showed it practically by the way they gave to the collections both in the open-air and in the Barracks, as well as by their interest.

Brother C. Dawson is the Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major, and was delighted to see several good-sized Juniors at the penitent-form during these meetings, including his eldest boy.

A Mennonite woman from Berlin said she got saved thirty years ago at 8 a. m., on the way from the house to the barn to milk the cows. She is 62 years old, and she jumped and danced and yelled to beat the band.

George Weiner, the first Army convert in Guelph, is now a Blood and Fire Soldier, and carries the colors. He got saved while they were fitting up the old Drill-Shed as a Barracks, before the "first shot" was fired.

Guelph has not seen such Salvation Army times for years as it had during the visit of Brigadier Read and his specials. Larger crowds stood around the open-air than they get even in the Salvation City of Toronto.

Brother Smith, of the Guelph "Mercury," got saved thirteen years ago, through what Mrs. Brigadier Read said to him in three words, and has "stood by the old rub-a-dub ever since." He asked the Brigadier not to be jealous because he loved his wife.

Walter Scott was saved thirteen years ago, on the Queen's Birthday. If his wife had not accompanied him to kneeldrill the following Sunday morning, he could not have got by the rum-shops. He now sends his wife to the saloons to sell the War Crys, and on G. B. M. business.

"I not only want to be clothed with the character of Jesus Christ, but I want to wear His clothes, and I believe the Salvation Army uniform is His. I had a private suit, but I always felt out of place and condemned when I went down the street with it on, so I sold them."—Adjutant Creighton.

F. E. S.

There is no laziness, no love of ease, no live-as-you-please about holiness.

Who is a true man? He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; befriend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses.

We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—:o:—

(First Week.)

1954. WILLIAM HENRY ASKELL, age 84, and Mrs. Robert Anderson, NEE ESKELL, and Mrs. Jas. H. Chance, all formerly of Mark Lane, Euston, England. Was farming in Canada 14 years ago.

1953. THOMAS SOYER, age 38; tall, stout, light complexion; dark hair and eyes; was in Grand Forks, N. D., in 1895. Baker or cook by trade.

1952. JOHN ROADLEY. Left Regina, N. W. T., about six years ago. Last heard from was at Bingham, Nottinghamshire, England.

1951. SARAH LEE. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont. Age about 22.

1950. PETER MUNRO. Age, 37; about 6 ft. high; fair complexion. Last heard of at Moosomin, N. W. T. His mother enquires.

1949. ALBERT RAND and sister, HARTENIE RAND; believed by their father, E. S. Rand, to be somewhere in Nova Scotia.

1948. JOHN FRANCES PERRY (commonly known as Fred Perry.) Last heard from was at Calgary, N. W. T. American Crys please copy.

1947. ARTHUR H. SMITH. Last heard from in 1895; was then at Victoria, B. C. His mother enquires.

1946. MARY ANN CURRIE. Married a Mr. Timothy Patterson. Last heard from five years ago; was living then at Ancastor. Her neice enquires.

1945 JOHN ROBERT FUDGE. Was last heard from in November, 1892; was then living on London Street, Toronto. Left for British Columbia. His sister enquires.

1944. MRS. KATE GRAPES. Age 60. White hair. Was living at West Broomfield, Ont., with her two daughters in 1892. Spoke of going South. Her husband's name is Samuel Grapes.

1943. ELIZABETH JENKINS and FRANK JENKINS. Last heard from was in New Brunswick, near Fredericton, six years ago.

1942. ALFRED HOWEY. Last heard from was at Ottawa, Ont., four years ago. His mother enquires.

1941. WILLIAM RUFF. Left St. Heliers, Jersey, for Newfoundland, 35 years ago. When last heard from was in the Salvation Army. Married a Captain Wilson. His mother enquires.

PERFECT HUMILITY.

By G. D. WATSON.

One of many reasons why I should be perfectly humble, is because I never lived a day that I have not been a tax to somebody. From the day I was born some of my fellow-beings have had to nurse me, or to cook, or to wash for me, or to wait on me, and as the years have gone by, how many untold millions of services have been rendered to a poor worm like me by thousands and thousands of my fellow-beings? In all these years, how many attentions of kindness have I received, how many gifts of love, how many kind words, how many earnest prayers have ascended for me, how many services to the needs of my body, my mind, my spirit, my temporal and intellectual and religious matters? And how many times have I wounded my friends, and grieved those who loved me most, and disappointed the hopes of many? Perhaps I have never lived a day that I have not caused somebody more or less pain, or anxiety, or trouble. My manners have been impatient, my voice harsh, my words unwise, my acts open to criticism, my best deeds have had flaws in them, or attended by some infirmity which rendered them less potent than they should have been. In the midst of such facts, for me to have one atom of pride, or self-esteem, or resentment, or coolness, or hard feeling toward any of my fellows would be a gross barbarism.

THE BERMUDA WONDER.

Fred Bell Smashes all Records and Sells 350 War Crys—Eleven Other Boomers Reach the 100 Mark and Over.

WHERE ARE ALL THE MAC'S—McIntyre, McQueen, McCann, McDonald, McPherson, McLeod—THIS WEEK?

Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber.	350
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Rossland	150
Capt. Hayes, Portage la Prairie	130
Lieut. Dates, Sault Ste. Marie	120
Ensign Kendall, Brockville	112
Adjt. Maree, Montreal II	110
Lieut. Thoen, Dillon	105
Capt. Braggs, Woodstock, Ont	101
Cadet Brandser, Winnipeg	103
Capt. Crogo, Quebec	100
George Barrett, Montreal I	100
Capt. Huntingdon, Hespeler	91
Sister Lancaster, Great Falls	92
Mrs. Law, Victoria	86
Lieut. Sleeth, Pembroke	75
Capt. Tildsmore, Brockville	75
Secretary Mrs. Billows, Spokane	72
Mrs. Capt. Wynn, Collingwood	70
Lieut. Latimer, Montreal II	70
Lieut. Scott, Livingston (av. 2 weeks)	70
Lieut. Graham, Rat Portage	67
Capt. Jarvis, Strathroy	64
Capt. Gillis, Yorkville	62
Capt. May, Victoria	60
Cadet Lloyd, Winnipeg	59
Capt. Perrenaud, Great Falls	58
Lieut. Pynn, Strathroy	56
Capt. A. E. W. Coate, Trenton	56
Lieut. O'Neil, Newport, Vt.	55
Capt. Norman, Newport, Vt.	55
Capt. Hellman, Cobourg (av. 2 weeks)	55
James Mann, Barre, Vt.	50
Sergt. Simmons, Port Hope (av. 2 w.)	50
Capt. McKay, Rat Portage	46
Cadet Prentis, New Westminster	43
Mrs. Johnston, Bowery	40
Mother Lewis, Montreal I	40
Bro. Rogers, Montreal I	40
Sergt. Abley, Spokane	40
Gussie Vallis, Hamilton, Ber.	40
Capt. Dwyer, Keewatin	40
Cadet Buason, Winnipeg	40
Capt. Forsyth, Hamilton, Ber.	40
Mrs. Ensign McHarg, Belleville	36
Capt. Bloss, Montreal I	36
Lieut. Liddell, Tweed (av. 2 weeks)	34
Bro. Mattlee, Cornwall	34
Lieut. Gatzke, Galt	34
Ensign Orchard, Galt	34
Tennie Brookes, Pembroke	33
Lieut. Payton, Paris	33
Lieut. Jackson, Grand Forks	32
Sister Olson, Grand Forks	31
Mrs. Capt. O'Neil, Valley City	31
*Mrs. Glover, Dresden	30
*Sister Campbell, Dresden	30
Sergt. Drury, Barrie	30
Lieut. Dora, Barre, Vt.	30
Almena Smith, Hamilton, Ber.	30
Sergt. Graber, Spokane	28
Cadet McLean, Winnipeg	28
Cadet Barner, Winnipeg	28
Sergt. Schnider, Pembroke	27
Cadet Meredith, Winnipeg	25
Cadet Burlog, Winnipeg	25
Sergt.-Major Bone, Barrie	25
E. Michiel, Barrie	25
Sergt. Mrs. Veale, Barre, Vt.	25
Sister Correll, Bowery	25
Ella Dorsett, Livingston	25
Charles Garrett, Tweed	24
George Pickering, Hamilton, Ber.	24
Cadet Davidson, Winnipeg	23
G. College, Montreal I	22
Edith Lindsay, Paris	21
Mary Hunter, Paris	21
Ensign McHarg, Belleville	21
Jessie Wilson, Montreal I	20
Bro. Duncan, Montreal I	20
Capt. McDougall, Barrie	20
Annie Free, Brockville	20
Mrs. Gilks, Yorkville	20
Bro. Douglas, Cornwall	20
Sister Miller, Cornwall	20
Bella Walker, Valley City	20

—x—

A Lakefield Boomer Talks.

I love so much to sell the dear old War Cry for the dear Lord Jesus. He has blessed me so much since I commenced to sell the War Cry.

I will give you a few words how I do it. Before I commence to sell them, I get down on my knees and place the War Crys before me, and pray to my Father to direct me to those that are unsaved, and the biggest part I sell in the saloons to the big old drunkards.

The devil and I are bad friends. Sometimes I get kicked, but I don't mind him. But you know, my dear Comrades, the devil don't like the War Cry.

L. F. STONE.

* * * *

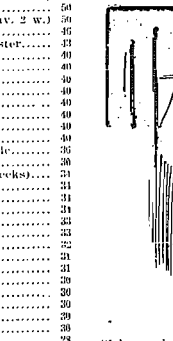
MONTREAL I. has a new Boomer,—Brother Duncan. Hall, Comrade, welcome to the noble Order of Boomers! We are sure you will be delighted with it, and will be able to send a good report every week. We'll pray for you.

* * * *

Comrades Mrs. Glover and Sister Campbell, of Dresden, are two worthies in the War Cry War, and sell the Cry in the hotels every week with great success. Oh, for hundreds of other sisters to rise up to our aid in selling the dear old Cry!

* * * *

SAYS THAT VETERAN BOOMER, Mrs. Law, Victoria: "We are doing our best. Things are dull—very dull. Still, we are believing. Our saloon work is fine. We go every Saturday night, and the saloon-keepers are very good to us and help us so much."



"I know the sun is scorching hot, but if I don't go out with the Crys, what will the people do who are waiting for it?"

Hurrah for Berlin.

Captain A. D. Slote has organized a War Cry Brigade, that sold his Crys (120) all out. The names are as follows: Sisters Buck, Hilliard, Whitmore, Brothers Boynton, Roodie, Barger, Locks, and Captain Slote.

Now, this is the music Sam Sorter likes to hear, and he got a glory spell right smart when he beheld the names of this Brigade. "Oh, Lord, bless them, and give them grace and gumption and all things necessary to successfully boom the Cry, also help them to get a few subscribers!"

* * * *

War Cry Boomer's Solo.

Tune.—"So Early in the Morning."

The War Cry, friends, it is a book,
And in its pages, if you'll look,
There you will see just why we try
And do our best to sell the Cry.

Chorus.

Will you buy a War Cry?
Will you buy a War Cry?
Will you buy a War Cry?
It helps to save the lost.

The War Cry has the latest news
Of those who Christ did not refuse;
They called on Him when sunk in sin,
He stooped in love to take them in.

The War Cry tells you how to live
And how to spend each day He gives;
I'm sure that God your life will bless,
If you will live out holiness.

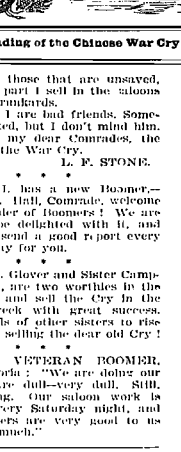
The War Cry has some splendid songs,
That helps our noble work along;
The tunes, I'm sure, you will confess
Will cheer your heart when in distress.

The War Cry has a special race
For War Cry boomers in each place;
So please, kind friends, don't me deny,
But give two cents and buy a Cry.

JAMES BLITCH,
Montreal I.

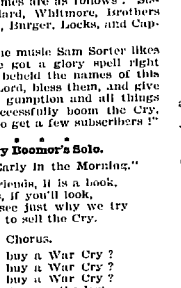
Keeping out of the ruts.

Heading of the Chinese War Cry Published at San Francisco.



SECRETARY MRS. BILLOWS,
A Spokane War Cry Boomer.

"I have been saved nineteen years, but only two years ago did I connect myself with the Army and become a War Cry Boomer. Since that time, however, I have done my best to push the interests of the War in this line. My experiences have been varied, and though not all sunshine, yet the people like the Cry, and welcome it. Only twice has anything occurred other than satisfactory. Once I had a Cry thrown back in my face, and once, when making change, my purse was snatched out of my hand; but the offender was speedily made to apologize by the bystanders. I like to sell the Crys. Am already saved, and pressing onward and upward to Heaven. God bless the War Cry, I say, and make it a blessing wherever it goes."



Boomer, don't follow this fellow's example in the hot weather!

HELPS

FOR J. S. WORKERS.

JUNE 26th.

GREAT HIDING PLACE.

Psalm xlvi.

"GOD IS OUR REFUGE.

A REFUGE is a hiding-place, a haven, a harbor, wherein the vessel may remain while the storm surges by. Storms of difficulty and trouble come at some time to all lives, and they must come to ours. What is our refuge? Our God is a "hiding-place from every storm" to all those who will come to Him. He soothes the sorrows, calms the fears, and makes bearable the difficulties of His children, giving them in their hearts His blessed peace with which no hardship is more than we can bear.

"A VERY PRESENT HELP."

This Refuge is not a long way off. Illustrate the poor Armenians having to seek refuge in far-off lands from their own. Our help is close at hand—by our side and always there. Not only in the Barracks and at the meetings, but wherever God's children go there goes their Help. So no sorrow can find us without His Power being by our side to help us to get the victory.

"THOUGH THE MOUNTAINS SHAKE."

We may never see an earthquake, but we may see things in our life which without our Refuge would frighten and dismay us. There may come times when it looks as if all we hoped in and trusted in life, our "mountains" of earthly trust were being removed, but God remaineth! Whatever comes or goes, whoever of our friends may fall us perhaps at the moment when we most needed them, our God is always the same.

"Yesterday, to-day and forever,
Jesus is the same;
We may change, but Jesus never,
Glory to His Name."

THE CITY OF GOD.

The Kingdom of God is within the hearts of those who fear Him—His children, and God promises to such that they shall not be moved. The boys and girls who are of most use to God are those who are unchangeable, who keep the vows they have made to Him, who do not go back upon their promises. He is able to keep you steady when all around are changing.

"THE LORD OF HOSTS IS WITH US."

What a Refuge! Can we fear with so strong a Protector? The hosts of our God are more than can be counted, and if we love and serve Him all His power and grace are for us. Our foe is mighty, but God is mightier than all. He can make us each overcomers.

"HE MAKETH WARS TO CEASE."

Our God is a God of Peace. He takes no pleasure in bloodshed and human suffering. The only war He is interested in is the war for right—the war with the enemy of sin. In this war He is our great Commander-in-Chief.

"BE STILL."

Sometimes God tells us to keep quiet, not to do anything but just to trust and watch His mighty works on behalf of His children. Often when we could find no way out of the difficulty, when we should stumble and fall and get confused, He tells us just to trust in Him and let Him work the victory. Let us take care that we never hinder His blessed Will.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is a refuge?
2. Why is our Refuge always with us?
3. What kind of earthquakes shall we most probably need God in?
4. What kind of war does God delight in?

MEMORY TEXT.

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

COMING EVENTS.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents' Appointments.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SIMS (with Lantern) will visit: Barre, June, 12th, 13th, 14th; Newport, 15th, 16th; Coaticooke, 17th; Sherbrooke, 18th, 19th; Quebec, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd; Montreal, 25th, 26th.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN ANDREWS (with Lantern) will visit: Durham, June 11th; Drayton, 12th, 13th; Guelph, 14th, 15th; Hespeler, 16th; Galt, 17th, 18th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN McKENZIE (with Talking Machine) will visit: Prince Albert, June 9th, 10th, 11th; Carberry, 14th, 15th; Portage la Prairie, 16th, 17th; Winnipeg, 19th, 20th; Selkirk, 22nd; Port Arthur, 25th, 26th, 27th.

A kettle may not sing as sweetly as a choir, but you always know what it means.

ENSIGN BURROWS says: "A lady of this city (Quebec) who holds one of our G. B. M. Boxes, in whose home a number of young people reside, has made a rule that all persons using any "slang" in her home must drop one cent into the box, which is known in that home as "the slang box."

Luther once said: "I have been so furiously assailed of the devil that my body is consumed; I almost lost my life, and nobody could comfort me. Every one to whom I complained said, 'I know nothing of such temptation.' But I was not the only one to suffer the spirit of heaviness. Look at King David; he also endured this temptation."

SONGS

Holiness.

Tunes.—From Every Stain Made Clean, B. J., 81; Come in, my Lord, come in. B. B., 27; B. J., 46.

1 Come, Jesus, from above,
Descend in mighty power;
Inflame our hearts with love for Thee,
Both now and every hour.
We pant for more of God,
Thine only would we be;
Oh, grant us now our hearts' desire,
And make us more like Thee.

We feel Thy presence, Lord,
We know that Thou art here,
For Thou hast sealed us fully Thine,
Dispelling doubt and fear.
Remain with us, dear Lord,
Fill us with burning zeal,
And day by day, in love and power,
Thy will to us reveal.

MAGGIE ADA MEIKLE,
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

—:o:—

Calvary's Story.

Tune.—Faded Coat of Blue.

2 My Jesus for me in the garden once did pray,
While the drops of Blood flowed down,
Oh, take this cup away!
"Not My will, but Thine," were the words so brave He said,
Though He knew that on the morrow,
He'd be numbered with the dead.

Chorus.

No more shall Satan rule this sin-cursed world,
Jesus has died, His flag is now unfurled;
He'll save you and keep you among the good and true,
And take you home to Heaven if His will you'll only do.

With lanterns, and torches, and weapons for the fight,
They come to meet my Saviour upon a lonely night;
One look from His eye and the fiercest backward fell,
But He let them rise and take Him, to rescue us from hell.

They spit in His face, and they smote Him with their hands,
They crowned Him with thorns as they led Him through the land;
They scourged Him, they mocked Him, my Lord, so kind and true,
But He bore it all with patience, oh, sinner, 'twas for you!

No dear one with with Him, disciples all had fled,
As burdened with His load up the hillside He was led;
The nails were sent crushing through flesh, and nerve, and bone,
Oh, sinner, won't you love Him, or is your heart a stone?

He lives now, oh, praise Him, He burst the prison door,
That death and hell for Christians should terror have no more;
But you who now reject Him, what will you have to say
When the Saviour stands before you on that dreadful Judgment Day?

—:o:—

Now's the Time.

Tunes.—We'll Fight Till Jesus Comes, B. J., 33, 2; Conference, B. J., 75, 3; Oh, the Lamb, B. J., 72, 3; or any common metre.

3 Sinner, for thee the Saviour died
To free thy soul from guilt;
The Blood still flows, a crimson tide,
To make you clean 'twas spilt.

Oh, come away to Jesus now,
In love He waits to save;
Now, don't delay, come while you may,
His life for you He gave.

Your days on earth are fleeting fast,
The end is drawing near;
Down at His feet your sins now cast,
And claim forgiveness here.

There's pardon through the Blood for all
Who'll plunge beneath its wave;
Now is the time, for mercy call,
And prove His power to save.

CAPT. P. FOREMAN.

—:o:—

Tunes.—Lover of the Lord, B. J., 74, 1; Remember Me, B. J., 16, 3; Judgment Day, B. J., 65, 1.

4 The Judgment Day is drawing near,
In dread reality,
When all the dead God's Word shall hear,
And rise from land and sea.

Chorus.

Then, for this awful day prepare,
Repent and turn to God;
His life He gave,
He longs to save,
And wash you in His Blood.

Oh, what a countless host shall then
Before the Judge appear,
Waiting with joy or guilty dread
Their final doom to hear.

Then hidden things revealed will be,
And secrets brought to light;
Their sinful course will sinners see,
And tremble at the sight.

Those opportunities abused,
By God in mercy given;
The Spirit's voice so long refused,
That would have led to Heaven.

Oh, ere your every chance be fled,
Yield to the Spirit's voice;
He calls to-day, no more delay,
But make the Lord your choice.

—:o:—

Solo.

Tune.—Never-failing Friend. B. J., 88.

5 I dare say you must have met some folks in your time
Who don't like Salvation at all;
They pull it to pieces, and quibble and doubt;
But in danger on God they soon call.
They boast and they talk, their cheese is all chalk,
Their fruit is all rotten—but then,
I'm sure the Salvation of Jesus will suit
All sorts and conditions of men.

Chorus.

Salvation for the world, salvation for the world,
Salvation's grand for every land,
Salvation for the world!
Salvation for the world, salvation for the world,
It's good for all, both great and small,
Salvation for the world!

There's the poor, foolish drunkard, who works like a horse,
And spends what he earns like an ass;
The barkeeper gets all his money, you know,
Then turns the poor chap out to grass.
But Jesus can save the poor, drunken slave,
He's able to break the strong chain;
For, glory to God, His salvation just suits
All sorts and conditions of men.

There's the smart and dishonest, and worldly-wise thief,
Who doesn't like working at all;
He lets other folks toil so hard for the coin,
Then kindly He gives them a call.
Sometimes he's "run in" and loses the tin,
Or else hides away in his den;
I know the Salvation of Jesus will suit
All sorts and conditions of men.

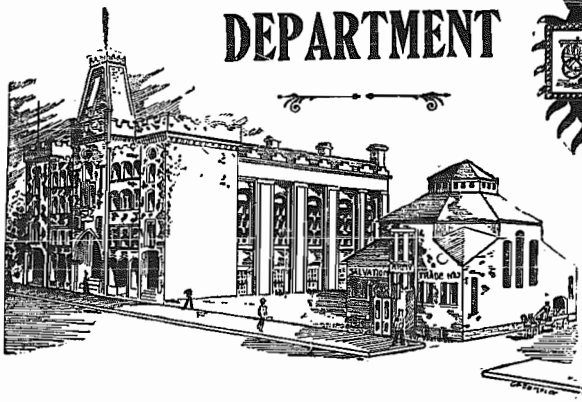
The swindler, who "lets in" his poor fellow man,
When saved, becomes honest and sure;
The vilest of sinners, degraded and low,
Are cleansed, lifted up and made pure;
The self-righteous, too, are made good and true,
No longer on self they depend;
For, glory to God, His Salvation still suits
All sorts and conditions of men.

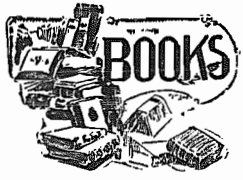
"Do you honestly desire that Jesus Christ should be crowned on earth no longer with the thorns of mockery and hatred and indifference as at present, but with the love and worship of the fifteen hundred million souls who walk about this planet? Is your yearning something more than hypocritical, sentimental talk? If so, come along and pay the price, the first instalment of which is the presentation of your body, mind and heart, with all body, mind and heart can command, a living sacrifice, to be, to go, and to do whatever He reveals as most likely to give Him that victory and enlargement which will make Him a real Sovereign from shore to shore and from sea to sea!"—The General.

Time is ever on the wing
With its song and sorrow;
Strive to do some good to-day—
Wait not till to-morrow.

—Song of the Old Sundial.

The S. A. TRADE DEPARTMENT





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